

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

### OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

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#### FRANK LESLIE'S

The Oldest, Most Brilliant and Most Enterprising  
Illustrated Newspaper in America.

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We have one Special Artist  
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We have one Special Artist  
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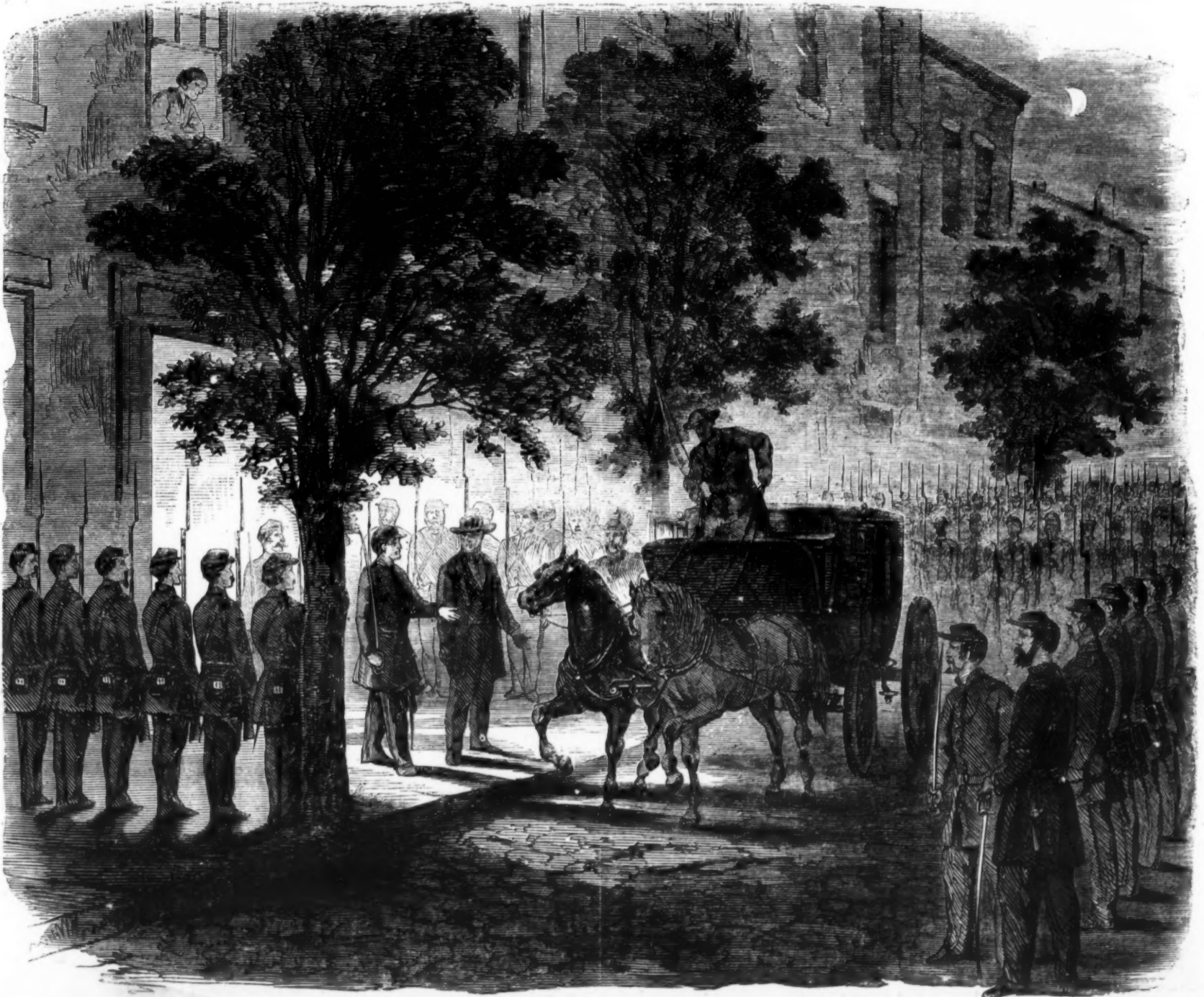
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ARREST OF MARSHAL FANE, AT HIS HOUSE IN BALTIMORE, AT THREE O'CLOCK A. M., ON THURSDAY, JUNE 27, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BATES ON A CHARGE OF TREASON.—FROM A SKETCH BY SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL BATES' COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118.

## Barnum's American Museum

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## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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## NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

## State of the Nation.

THE extra session of Congress which commences at Washington on the Fourth of July will be the most important and eventful session held since America became a nation. The questions to come before it are of the gravest and most momentous character, affecting the honor and the destinies of this great people and the prosperity of the country for many years to come. We trust that all small sectional questions will be abandoned, that party feeling will be obliterated, that all incendiary and buncombe speeches will be omitted, and that the whole body of Representatives will discuss the mighty issues before them calmly, dispassionately but firmly. The nation is sufficiently aroused; it needs no strong language to perpetuate its enthusiasm. It requires calm, humane and brotherly counsel to direct its action in the directest road to an honorable peace. In such a course of consideration there need be no timorous yielding, no blinding subterfuge to patch up discussions, no falling back upon a specious expediency; neither need there be recriminations, hot blood or hasty counsel, or implacable and bloody purpose. Its mission is to heal and not to aggravate the diseases upon the body politic.

A portion of our country is in a state of armed rebellion; that must be dealt with firmly. But whatever action is taken to that end, it must be borne in mind that in that very portion there are hundreds of thousands of citizens who are true and loyal to the traditions of the land, and upon whom will fall equally with those in armed hostility all the aggravated horrors of civil war. To strengthen and support these, to save their lives and property, and at the same time to quell most speedily the existing insurrection and punish the reckless instigators, should be the first thought and prompt action of the assembled legislators. Let not the precious time be wasted in heaping epithets on the opponents of the Constitution, but let the quickest remedy be devised, and let the action follow quick upon the decision.

It is reported that, at an early day of the session, Senator Wilson, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, will introduce a series of bills proposing the adoption of the following measures:

- First—To legalize Executive action concerning the present defensive or warlike preparations.
- Second—Giving the sanction of law to the plan already announced for a permanent increase of the army.
- Third—Retiring infirm and disabled army officers.
- Fourth—To organize from the militia a hundred regiments as a National Guard, to be all clothed and armed alike.
- Fifth—To increase the number of cadets to the extent of sixty-eight, or to the number of Senators, and authorizing the President to fill the vacancies caused by resignation or otherwise in that institution.

It is also understood that \$250,000,000 will be asked for, to enable the Government to complete the vast preparations necessary to repossess itself of the forts and other Federal property now in possession of the Secessionists, and put down the armed resistance to its authority. Let this be granted freely and without cavil, for every day's delay in resolving the issue not only widens the breach, but plunges the country into deeper distress and mercantile embarrassment.

These great measures settled, let the obnoxious Tariff be modified, so that some life may be imparted to our languishing commerce.

It should be the duty of the present Congress to impeach some of those high in power for gross malfeasance of office, in countenancing the most shameless swindling of pot contractors, and doubtless sharing in their unholy spoils. That social devil "Routine" weighed heavily on the English soldier in the Crimea, but a more heartless fiend in the shape of a Contractor preys upon the comfort and life of our gallant soldiers in the field. In times of peace the swindler is pointed at and despised, but what shall be said of him who coins untold wealth out of the necessities of his country—out of the life's blood of those arrayed in its defence? Language fails to furnish epithets sufficiently damning wherewith to brand the dastard, soulless wretch. And there are many such who starve our soldiers, who clothe them with rottenness dignified by the name of clothing, who furnish them with wretched, useless arms, thus imperilling their lives

and the safety of the State, and yet who bask in the smiles of those who rule, with craft insidious, the rulers of the land. If the doom of traitors and pirates is to be the gibbet, let every gallows in the land bear its legitimate fruit of army contractors.

It is impossible to chronicle the progress of inaction, which is, simply, the present state of our affairs. Tens of thousands of men are almost within sight of each other, but policy restrains their ardor, directed doubtless by a wise and merciful counsel. The looked-for issue will too surely come, but every true patriot will look upon every delay which spares the effusion of kindred blood as a glimmering of hope that it may yet be spared altogether. There has already been a needless expenditure of life. The various boat engagements on the Potomac have been ill-conceived and always failures. Batteries have been attacked by vessels unfitted for the service, whose guns were of insufficient calibre, each attack resulting more or less disastrously for the Federal force. These petty actions, which would, in no event, result favorably, especially with a foe so well prepared, seems more like playing at war than serious resolve; they should be stopped; such efforts, if made at all, should be made with sufficient force to insure success. On each occasion had sufficient troops accompanied the expedition, the Secession batteries could have been taken and held or completely destroyed. The last of these trifling escapades at Mathias Point resulted in the death of an able and tried officer, Captain Ward, whose services we can ill dispense with, and whose loss we sincerely lament. There should be an end of them.

There is trouble brewing in the command of General Butler, who has arrested Colonel Allen, of the First New York regiment, without, as it seems at present, sufficient cause. The circumstances, so far as they have reached us by telegraph, which can hardly ever be depended upon, are as follows:

Colonel Allen and other officers have recently arrested a great many alleged Secessionists, particularly armed men engaged in conveying intelligence, by signals and otherwise, to the Southern forces at Yorktown. It is said that General Butler has released them, almost without any investigation.

On Thursday afternoon word was brought that negroes and white men were gathered in a field of wheat, five miles off, which was the property of Major Thompson of the Southern troops. It was to be conveyed to Yorktown; and some of the laborers came to Colonel Allen, asking for horses previously confiscated from the Virginians, to aid in carrying the wheat off. Colonel Allen not only refused to comply with the request, but sent a squad of men to prevent the wheat from being carried away. It was not long before the wheat field was on fire, and twenty acres of it were consumed.

On the supposition that the field was burned by Colonel Allen's directions, General Butler issued a special order desiring Colonel Allen to report himself at headquarters forthwith for court-martial, Colonel Allen's command devolving, in the meantime, upon Lieutenant-Colonel Dyckman of the New York First regiment.

Whatever the circumstances may be, it is certain that Colonel Allen has been arrested, and that a very general sentiment of dissatisfaction has existed against General Butler ever since the Great Bethel affair, where there was such a wanton sacrifice of life through the incompetency of the superior officers.

In our last we gave an account of an arrangement said to have been made between General McClellan and the Government of Kentucky, guaranteeing its neutrality providing the State Government resisted the presence of Secession troops on its shores. This statement is positively denied in a letter from General McClellan, and the absurd story set at rest.

The arrest of Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, well-known as a vigorous Secessionist, by order of Major-General Banks, and the substitution of Colonel Kenley as Provost-Marshal in his place, has created a deep and agitating sensation in that city. The revelations since made fully justify the action of Major-General Banks, for the Marshal's office and various police stations were found filled with concealed arms, cannons and munitions of war, besides traitorous correspondence. The Police Commissioners dismissed their force, which Colonel Kenley has replaced with trusty Union men, and have issued a strong protest against the assumption of authority by the military commander. To this protest Major-General Banks has issued the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARMY, JULY 27, 1861.

To Colonel Kenley, Provost-Marshal:

Sir—My attention has been called to a resolution, purporting to have been this day passed by the late Board of Police Commissioners, expressing the opinion that "the suspension of their functions suspended at the same time the operations of the police law, and puts the officers and men off duty for the present."

You will take special notice, sir, that by my proclamation of this day neither the law nor the officers appointed to execute the laws are affected in any manner whatever, except as it operates upon the members of the Board of Commissioners and the Chief of Police, whose functions were and are suspended. Every part of the police law is to be enforced by you, except that which refers to the authority of the Commissioners and Chief of Police; and every officer and man, with the exception of those persons above named, will be continued in service by you, in the positions they now occupy, and with the advantages they now receive, unless one or more shall refuse to discharge their duties.

If any police officer declines to perform his duty, in order to avoid the anarchy which it was the purpose of the Commissioners to bring upon the city, by incorrectly stating that it had been by my act deprived of its police protection, you will select, in conference with such of the public authorities as will aid you, good men and true to fill their places and discharge their duties.

You will also take especial notice that no opinion, resolution or other act of the late Board of Commissioners can operate to limit the effective force of the Police law, or to discharge any officer engaged in its execution. If any provision of the law fails to be executed it will be from the choice of the city, and if any officer, except such as are herein named, leave the service, it will be upon his own decision.

You will cause these views to be made known as the rules of your conduct. I repeat my declaration and my purpose—no intervention with the laws or government of the city whatever is intended, except to prevent secret, violent and treasonable combinations of disloyal men against the Government of the United States.

I am, sir, very truly yours, &c.,  
NATH. P. BANKS.

The latest advices from Baltimore state that the plot of a general outbreak has been discovered, that all the Police Commissioners have been arrested and sent to Fort McHenry, and that the Federal troops have occupied the city and planted cannon in various commanding positions. It is to be feared that the turbulent spirit of Baltimore will not be quieted without a desperate and bloody fight; a result to be lamented, and if possible, avoided.

It is stated on telegraphic authority that Harper's Ferry has been reoccupied by Secession troops, who have destroyed all the remaining property, bridges, &c., and have driven every Union family from the desolated and ruined place.

Troops continue to pour into Washington by the thousand

per day, from whence they are despatched to take up their positions in the ranks of the advancing army, which now numbers, within twenty-four hours of horseback travel, over eighty-five thousand men.

It seems to be the general opinion that no further advance will be made until after the meeting of Congress on the Fourth of July, after which date it is rumored that the General-in-Chief, Winfield Scott, will order a simultaneous advance of all his his columns upon the Secession positions in Virginia, and force the Southern army back upon Richmond. We give these rumors as they pass by; they may be true or false, but one thing is certain, that the present inactivity cannot, for grave reasons on both sides, last much longer. The feverish anxiety of the country upon the subject is natural, but the mighty preparations necessary to insure a successful issue to a grand movement move slowly, and we must patiently abide the action of the ripened judgment of the great soldier who controls the events.

## PERSONAL.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been occasioned by the arrest of Frederick Littejohn, brother to the Speaker, for bribing an officer of the State Legislature.

The Hon. Frank Blair, Jr., was serenaded on the 24th at the Metropolitan Hotel. He made an eloquent Union and no-compromise speech, which was much applauded.

The younger brother of Amodio, the celebrated baritone, died on his passage from Venezuela, of yellow fever.

PROFESSOR F. K. EATON, of this city, has invented a new rifle cannon, which was tested on Thursday, the 27th, at Long Branch. The results were very satisfactory.

MR. BURCH, the Chicago banker, whose divorce case caused so much excitement and scandal last year, has obtained a new trial.

PRICE ALFRED, of England, was at Montreal on the 28th June.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL, of the London Times, was at Jackson, Miss., on the 18th, on a visit to Dr. C. Russell, a cousin. Dr. Russell is a physician there, and a man of considerable influence. He is a bitter Secessionist. Since then he paid a visit to Camp De la Salle, Cairo, where he was received with great honor by General Prentiss. In the afternoon he made a speech, in which he professed the strictest neutrality. His report of the Southern troops is very disparaging to them.

CHIEF JUSTICE STORRS, of Connecticut, died at Hartford on June 25th, aged sixty-five years. He represented his native State in Congress on two occasions, from 1829 to 1833, and from 1839 to 1844. He was a very able and amiable man.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the Confederate Vice-President, made a speech at Watertown, Ga.

At a recent meeting of the Virginia Legislature it was proposed to change the names of the counties, named in honor of Scott and Buchanan, to those of Davis and Stephens, but Mr. Garnett opposed it, and the matter was dropped.

On the 16th June Mr. Gilbert Wilson, Treasurer of the New York Central Railroad, threw himself out of a third story window in a fit of despondency, occasioned by the present depressed state of mercantile affairs. His integrity is unquestionable, and his accounts as treasurer are perfectly correct.

JOHN W. FARMER, of Ludlow street, the great philanthropist, has sent to the soldiers at Newport News and Fortress Monroe a most bountiful supply of pipes and tobacco.

FRANK VIZETELLY, the distinguished artist of the Illustrated London News, is now at Washington to sketch and chronicle the war for the great London pictorial—the Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of the Old World. He was the artist correspondent of the Italian war for that paper.

MR. W. H. EURLING, formerly editor of the New York Times, and the author of the celebrated article on "the elbows of the Mincio," has recently been arrested as a spy at Atlanta, Ga., and is now in Richmond awaiting his trial. As he is a Southerner by birth, and a decided Southerner in opinions, he will no doubt be honorably discharged.

BAN MCCULLOUGH, whose ubiquity is almost equal to that of General Beauregard, is at present stationed in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

THE Charleston Courier indignantly denies Mr. Russell's statement that the South Carolinians want a British prince to rule over them. It says there are only two monarchists in all South Carolina, one an eccentric lawyer in Charleston, and the other an old planter who has voted for General Jackson ever since 1825.

CYRUS SHAY, a prominent primary politician, died at his house in Greene street on the 25th. He was a lieutenant in Kerrigan's regiment.

LIEUTENANT J. G. BENNETT, of the Henrietta, is cruising on the coast in search of privateers.

BISHOP SIMPSON has postponed his visit to California, in consequence of the critical condition of the Methodist treasury.

LETTERS from Paris say that Cassius M. Clay, Anson Burlingame and *hoc genus* have done more to advance the Secession cause in England and France than all the Southern Commissioners together. Lord Palmerston has had no interview with Mr. Rost, nor indeed with any of the Davisonians.

THE Metropolitan Hotel still retains its ancient supremacy with the more distinguished of our citizens. A short time since Mrs. Lincoln made it her home, and last week Frank Blair, Jun., whose exploits in Missouri have made him quite a household word with all loyal men, made it his resting-place during his brief stay. This preference is due to a variety of circumstances, such as its admirable central position, the courteous hospitality of the Leland frères, the excellence of the cuisine, and the irrefragable cleanliness reigning in every department of this model hotel of our commercial metropolis.

MAYOR WOOD had a most interesting task to perform on the 26th of June, and that was to review the Cadets of Mount Pleasant Academy. These youths are the flowers of our first families, and are fully equal to the much boasted F.F.V.'s. Their appearance and drill were excellent, and elicited loud applause from a Park full of ladies and gentlemen. Their training does Messrs. Benjamin and Phelps infinite credit. They were attended by a capital band.

## BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL—A CORRECTION.

HEADQUARTERS, SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. V.,  
Camp Butler, Newport News, June 24, 1861.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

Sir—Permit me to correct a few statements made by your reporter in his article on the affair at Great Bethel, and published in your issue of June 22. Judging from his remarks, I am forced to conclude that he knew very little about the transaction. I claim that if a reporter professes to chronicle the particulars of any proceeding, especially where personal or professional reputation is involved, he should most assuredly ascertain facts, and write accordingly. Your informant states that he accompanied the expedition. If this be true, then I consider his observation at fault, and his strictures upon me unwarrantable. He names Duryea's, my command, Allen's and Townsend's commands, but says nothing about the Vermont and Massachusetts troops, who were also in the expedition. He states also that "Col. Allen's Troy Regiment and the Seventh" started from Newport News. Now, Col. Allen's regiment is not from Troy, and it was not stationed at Newport News. These facts plainly show that he did not even know where the various regiments were encamped. Secondly, he says, "Col. Bendix, hearing the advance of Col. Townsend's regiment." Now, sir, I positively aver that Col. Townsend had no advance. The column was headed by Gen. Pierce and staff and Col. Townsend in person, with two howitzers, drawn by four horses. He then states that I "rashly jumped to the conclusion that they were the enemy, and fired upon the Troy regiment;" also, that "Col. Duryea, hearing the firing, also fired at Townsend's regiment." These misstatements plainly show either that he was not there at all, or that he is attempting to make capital for some one at the expense of candor and fair dealing. I profess to know my duty, and I performed it in accordance with the orders I had received from my commander at Newport News. If we did not receive similar orders from both places, the blame rests not with me. All I have to say in my defence is this: That under similar circumstances, I should be likely to act again in the same way. Depend upon it, I shall never be found asleep when the Stars and Stripes are to be defended.

I remain, your obedient servant,

JOHN E. BENDIX,

Colonel Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers.

[EDITORIAL REMARKS.—We have, in justification to Colonel Bendix, inserted his communication, but we must state in justice to ourselves, that the mistakes of which he complains are not to be attributed to our reporter, as we had none on the field of action, but to that general and very false reporter, the magnetic telegraph. To those in far-off localities there is nothing more

difficult and delicate than the process of gleaming the truth from the various telegraph exaggerations which follow every triding or important engagement. If we sometimes fall into error, it is because we are not universally ubiquitous. Our sources of information extend far and near, but under certain circumstances we are compelled to rely upon the public sources of information. We would remark, however, that in the very article of which Colonel Bendix complains we sustained him, while other journals, taking their cue from the telegrams, were cruelly unjust and severe.]

## GENERAL WAR INTELLIGENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

**KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE.**—Several volunteers have returned from Richmond and Norfolk. They report the health of the Confederate troops as good. A Disunion speaker was addressing an assemblage of persons in Louisville on the 23d, when the ladies rose en masse and sang the "Star Spangled Banner," effectually quelling the Secessionist.

**W. R. Walker, the British Consul at Charleston,** lately passed through Louisville on his way to New Orleans. It is said he had been sent by Lord Lyons to inquire into the facts contained in Mr. Russell's letter from that city. The British Consul at New Orleans is a great aide of the South, and not reliable. The *Journal* says that the Colonel of the State regiment, who was to have been stationed at Columbus, has resigned, being unwilling to support the neutrality policy of Kentucky. He is a Secessionist. It is thought that the presence of the regiment at Columbus will produce much trouble, and that it is only a trick of Gov. Magoffin's to create a panic in that region.

The same paper has a letter from Paducah, saying: "The Union men did not vote their full strength on election-day; many of them were forced to vote for Burnett for Congress. Mr. Brigham, a Kentuckian, suspected of being a spy, was arrested, and shot at three times, and was about to be started for Union City, Tenn., to be tried for treason, when the mob desisted. The same day the Governor of the county was killed. The Secessionist assert that every man must declare either for the North or the South, and that Northerners must leave. The day after the election the Southern flag was raised, and General Prentiss invited to come and take it down."

A fight occurred between two Unionists and two Secessionists in Graves county, in which one Secessionist was killed and the other had his arm shot off. Two companies, one Union and the other Disunion, were drilling near by at the time. The latter started in pursuit of the Unionists, when the Union company followed after. Nothing has been heard of the result of the affair.

**LEXINGTON.**—Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, made a speech at this town on the 19th. He was much applauded. It was a strong Union oration. He declared that East Tennessee would never leave the Union if the Federal Government would arm them. They did not want aid, but arms. A regiment left Lexington on the 20th for Columbus, Ky., to protect the Union men in the latter city. Many of the towns in Kentucky are requesting General Prentiss to help them against the brutal ferocity of the Secessionists. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, has written to Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, pledging himself not to allow any armed Tennesseean to pass through or enter Kentucky.

Arms and ammunition were sent on the 28th June from Louisville to East Tennessee. The Newport camp is to be got ready for three regiments of regulars.

A letter from Southern Kentucky says, that fat cattle, mules by droves, and loads of bacon are daily passing through Cumberland Gap to the rebels. The writer adds that if the people of that section of Kentucky were armed with legal authority to do so, they would soon put a stop to the business. A regiment of two could easily be formed in the neighborhood. Another letter says that Hoffman, the contractor to carry the mail from Louisville to Richmond, Ky., in an open Diamond, who enters Union villages shouting for Jeff. Davis and waving a Secession flag.

**TENNESSEE, MEMPHIS.**—General Pillow is still here, uttering large oaths and boasting what he means to do when he has taken Cairo. It is, however, certain that the violence of Secession is very much diminished, not from want of malignity, but disgust at the slowness of Jeff. Davis. Their hopes of triumph are also at an end. The rebels were in Tennessee for Secession, 39,172 for Union, 44,602; above 32,000 refusing to vote, or terrified from doing so. It is thus clear that there is a very strong Union feeling in Tennessee. The Tennesseeans were also highly irate with the Western States. The Memphis *Advertiser* threatens them with war to the knife. Eastern Tennessee have a majority of 13,177 against Secession. Texas is sending supplies to Memphis.

As a significant proof of the enormous lying which is part and parcel of Secession, the Memphis *Appeal* says the French Government have agreed to advance \$100,000,000 on the next cotton crop, which, when ready for delivery, will be shipped in the French fleet.

As a proof of how patriotic the Tennesseeans are, the *Appeal* has a severe and admirable article on the villany of the trade-peddler, who, it says, make a practice of charging the poor soldiers double price for everything, and then selling to them the worst of every kind. Thorough Wools are found every where! In consequence of the loyalty of East Tennessee, the postal facilities have been restored. The mail will pass through Cincinnati instead of Louisville.

The Nashville City Council has appropriated \$750,000 for a residence for the President, as an inducement to remove the capital there.

MAJOR-GENERAL PILLOW has issued an order dated Memphis, June 21st, confiscating all Northern property.

"Merchants, brokers, bankers and others so indebted to our enemies, are required to report to the Adjutant-General's office of the Major-General commanding, the amount of such indebtedness, deposits, balances, dividends in stock, stocks owned, &c., and in the mean time are ordered not to pay over the same to other than the State of Tennessee."

Many Tennesseeans who favored the Secession in order to swindle their creditors begin to think they might just as well have been loyal, since they have to pay their just debts to the wrong man. Too infamous dishonesty of this man Pillow's conduct needs no comment. It is a shade worse than Floyd's.

THOMAS R. NELSON, one of the candidates for the Legislature, has issued from Jonesborough a most stirring Union appeal to his misguided fellow-citizens. He concludes in these emphatic words:

"But it is said this is a war between the North and the South, and we are compelled to take sides. I do not so regard it. It is a war between the Government of the United States and rebellious citizens who have committed treason against that Government. Neither is it a war between Lincoln and the South. It is a war between the Constitution and those who have violated it; a war between law and no law—between order and anarchy—between freedom and despotism—between right and wrong."

HARRIS, the rebel Governor of Tennessee, has issued a solemn proclamation, declaring Tennessee out of the Union, and a free and independent State. He, however, strange to say, makes no allusion to the "one-eyed Confederacy of Davidson," as the Charleston *Mercury* calls it.

The wonderful delusions under which the people of this State labor is admirably depicted by the following article from the Memphis *Advertiser* of June 24:

"We were shown last night a letter from a bearer of dispatches from the Southern Commissioners in Europe to a gentleman high in authority here, which contains the most cheering intelligence.

"He immediately dispatched a special messenger to General Pillow, with a letter to the effect that his documents, intended for President Davis, convey the cheering intelligence that the sum of \$2,000,000 has been offered to be advanced upon our cotton crop alone, and that the Southern Confederacy will soon be acknowledged as one of the powers of the earth. The letter also says that England and France have dispatched twenty additional ships of the line to our shores, and that the blockade will be raised by the 1st of November. He says that England and France are with us in sentiment, and that our flag will soon be recognized by their Governments.

"The bearer of dispatches, as before stated, passed through Indiana and a portion of Illinois. The following extracts from his letter, confirming the Southern account in regard to the victory at Booneville, will be read with interest:

"Wallace and his regiment, composed of 1,100 men from Indianapolis, have been cut off at Cumberland, Md., and are supposed to have been killed or taken prisoners. The news from Missouri you have by telegram, but the State troops were victorious—that is, they lost only four killed and wounded, while the Nationals lost twenty killed. The State troops number 900—some say 600—the Nationals 3,000."

**VIRGINIA.**—The latest reports confirm the rumor of the movement of General Wise down the Kanawha. General Garnett, with the Confederate forces, was encamped on the 21st inst. at Laurel Hill, twelve miles from Philippi, at which point Union forces were strongly entrenched.

Reports, via Richmond, to the 26th, state that General Beauregard was advancing from Manassas Junction toward the Potomac.

"Why Don't the Yankees Push on to Richmond?"—Rich Reading. —The Yankee despatches of the battle of Bethel—General Butler's confession that General Pierce, who commanded the invading force, "lost his presence of mind," is exquisite. We hope the gallant Butler may long survive to chronicle our victories. He makes one strange omission. He could not have heard of the bayonet charge of the North Carolinians, otherwise, in the abundance of his candor and simplicity, he would surely have stated it. As he did not hear of the charge, it is more than probable he never heard of the stampede which followed it.

"The terrible fire of the batteries—masked at that—astonished the Yankees. In their bewilderment, they exclaimed, 'It is thought Colonel Magruder must have had charge of the guns!' No very unreasonable conjecture of scared men! Magruder is a very devil in Yankee imagination, and if we could only have him in charge of all our batteries, we should not be long-troubled with the Yankees.

"It will be seen that the loss is put down at 1,000. We had not rated it at so much; but they knew better than we do, though we incline to the opinion that their fears have exaggerated the number.

"We hear that later and fuller reports, made by officers from Fortress Monroe, give a still more discouraging view of Yankee affairs in that region

than that contained in the *Sun*. We should judge from the representations, that the enemy's fears are quite demoralized; each officer blames the other for the disaster to their arms, and all of them concur in nothing except in condemning General Butler for not commanding in person. Gen. B.'s remarkable despatch to the Associated Press, censuring General Pierce for his conduct on the field of battle, is ominous of a change in his staff; but we hope there is no purpose of removing Butler himself. He has promised to visit Richmond, and it would be cruel to make him break his word."

**RICHMOND.**—The Richmond *Dispatch* has a most excellent and ingenious way of supplying themselves with negroes. It is this: "We have heard from various sources that a large number of the negroes who have been captured by the Northern invaders on the Peninsula have been sent by them to Cuba to be sold, and that they declare their intention to make the sale of negroes one means of defraying the expenses of the war.

"The authorities of the South can only meet this procedure in one way. For every negro kidnapped, some Yankee prisoner must be put into the hands of the master who has been robbed, to supply the place of his servant till the negro is returned; and for every slave sold to Cuba or elsewhere, two Yankees must be enslaved. The time for forbearance with these wretches has passed, and the people of the South demand that they shall be treated as their crimes deserve."

The editor of the Richmond *Dispatch* had better avoid "Yankees and Irish," for they have a decided crew to pick with him.

**VIRGINIA FICTIONS.**—A gentleman on this train says that he left St. Louis last night, and that Gen. Lyon and all his command were taken by our men at Booneville.

It is reported that in a battle at Harper's Ferry the Federal troops were entirely routed, with the loss of 3,000.

**A SECOND ENGAGEMENT AT PHILIPPI.**—In the Lynchburg *Republican* of the 12th we find the annexed account of a second fight at Philippi, in which the Confederate forces achieved a complete victory over the Abolitionists:

"Through a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who arrived here yesterday from Manassas Junction, we learn that information, deemed altogether authentic, had been received there of another battle at Philippi, in which the most complete victory was achieved by our troops. Large reinforcements having been added to our forces, they made an advance on Philippi, where the enemy were encamped, and engaged them in battle, succeeded in completely routing them, with a loss to the enemy of over 100 killed and wounded, besides the capture of a number of prisoners, and the recapture by our troops of a large amount of arms, munitions, &c., together with several of the enemy's cannon. Our troops suffered but little loss, and now hold complete possession of the town."

**ARKANSAS.**—It would seem from the following extract that the slaves are yet destined to do a front to the South. The Helena *Shield* of the 15th states that, on Sunday or Monday last, in Cypress neighborhood, Monroe county, about thirty miles west of Helena, several negroes were arrested upon a charge of attempted insurrection, and on Tuesday three of them—two men and a girl—were hung. One of those executed belonged to Colonel Lightfoot. He was a mulatto boy, a blacksmith, formerly owned by James Bush, of Big Creek. He was the ringleader of the plot, which, as detailed by himself and others, was most atrocious. The white male inhabitants were to be murdered, the females and children spared, provided they did not resist. Details of what they further designed doing we forbear publishing. Fortunately their fiendish purposes were frustrated by discovery of the plot.

**GEORGIA, SAVANNAH.**—The City Council has purchased of Mr. Crawshaw his beautiful mansion, at a cost of \$50,000. It is intended for President Jefferson Davis. As Mr. Davis sent some three weeks ago a large sum of money to be invested in the English funds, his Georgian admirers had better purchase him a house in Belgrave.

**ATLANTA.**—Mr. Harbut, formerly of the New York *Times*, was lately arrested at Atlanta. He was sent on to Richmond, to take his trial as a spy. Mr. M. J. Mayor of Augusta, was very anxious to get him out of Mr. Yancey's hands, for the pleasure of hanging him; but his sanguinary purpose was defeated by the prudent humanity of Jeff. Davis, who preemptorily told Mr. Yancey to send him on to Richmond.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens was advertised to solicit subscriptions of cotton for the Southern Confederacy, at Louisville, Ga., on the 29th of June.

The State Treasurer of Georgia gives notice that, on account of the war with the Anti-Slavery States, the interest on the coupons and bonds of the State, payable in New York, must be paid to the Confederate loan at several places in Georgia. It says that only eleven millions of the fifteen millions have been subscribed for.

**MISSOURI, JEFFERSON CITY.**—The energetic proceedings of General Lyon and Colonel Frank Blair seem to have laid the ghost of Secession, for Morrison, the State Treasurer, Missouri, State Auditor, and Houston, Register of Lands, took the oath of allegiance on the 29th, and were restored to their offices. Attorney-General Hayes refused and is a prisoner. The verdict of the Governor's jury in the recent conflict between the mob and the soldiers was:

"That the subjects of the present inquest came to their deaths from gunshot wounds inflicted by Minie musket balls discharged by certain members of companies C, E, F, and I of the Second Regiment United States Reserve Corps, while marching down Seventh street on the morning of the 17th inst.

"The jury further express it as their opinion that said wounds were inflicted without any provocation or discharge of firearms from citizens then present, and also without any order to fire having been given by the officers of the said companies."

**BOONEVILLE.**—This city is undoubtedly a loyal. It has a decided Union Mayor, and upon the arrival of General Lyon with his troops they were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

St. Joseph—Colonel Curtis, who commands the Federal troops at this city, has issued a proclamation, promising protection to all the peaceable citizens, and declaring his intention of maintaining the Constitutional authority.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**—The news from Charleston is very gloomy. Business is at a standstill. Everything is dear excepting rice and cotton; shoes are quite a luxury, ladies' gaiters realizing four dollars a pair for the commonest kind, or four times their usual price. Salt is 10 cents a pound. Governor Pickens is not at all pleased with the Jefferson Davis style of Government, and has issued a proclamation refusing to allow any more regiments to leave the State, alleging that the first duty is to defend their own State. The Charleston *Courier* recommends that all the South Carolinian regiments be recalled, as it is informed General Scott intends seizing Charleston. There are three South Carolina regiments in the Confederate army.

**THE HERO OF THE ENFILADE BATTERY.**—Lieutenant Jacob Valentine, Confederate States Army, who distinguished himself at the Enfilade battery during the Fort Sumpter fight, has been placed in command of a battery at Manassas by his old commander, General Beauregard. The gallant Carolinian will give a good account of himself.

**DIRECT IMPORTATION.**—H. C. Covert, of the firm of D. R. Williams & Co., left for Europe last night for the purpose of obtaining a stock of hats and caps for this market.—*Charleston Courier*.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—There are reports of slave risings on some of the plantations, but no reliable accounts. As Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, has been on a visit to his cousin, Dr. Russell, of Jackson, we shall probably have his report very soon. In other respects this State suffers the least of any of the Seceding ones.

**LOUISIANA.**—If we may judge from Mr. Russell's letter in the London *Times*, the state of affairs in New Orleans is perfectly pandemonium. As Lord Palmerston is notorious for his defence of British subjects, we shall probably hear of a British fleet paying a second visit to New Orleans, and of its wiping out the defeat of 1814. British subjects have been beaten and forcibly impressed into the rebel service, and the French origin of the Crescent City has given the British a strong feeling of hostility to it.

**JEFF. DAVIS.** It is said, appointed Bishop Polk, of the diocese of Louisiana, to a Major-Generalship of the rebel force. (Doubtful.)

**THEIR SOULS** has been communicating with Jeff. Davis about the defence of New Orleans and the Mississippi.

**FLORIDA AND ALABAMA.**—General Bragg has now only about 2,700 men at Pensacola, and these are in a very ill fed and ill clad condition. From Montgomery we learn that since the seat of Government has been moved to Richmond a spirit of sullen indifference has settled on the public mind. This has reacted on Motie, and criticisms are daily indulged both in conversation and print that would not have been tolerated a month ago. The man, however, must be above suspicion ere he utters it. The Mobile *Advertiser* has a letter from Mr. Otis, formerly of the New York *Express*, in which he gives a glowing account of a speech he made on the presentation of a flag to the New Orleans *Zouaves*. Mr. Otis is a Northern man, and editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*.

**WISCONSIN, MILWAUKEE.**—The effects of the war are becoming every day more visible. On the 24th of June a mob attacked several of the banks in Milwaukee, and destroyed all the furniture, books, and every other description of property. They endeavored to burn the State Bank. After several hours of mob misrule, the Zouaves and Police arrested thirty-three of the rioters, and quelled the disturbance. The offenders were principally farmers. The cause of offence was the action of the banks in question throwing out various bills, and refusing to redeem their own notes in specie. A clerk in one of the banks was much injured.

**NEW JERSEY, TRENTON.**—New Jersey is doing more than her share. On Thursday, the 27th of June, Regiments Nos. 1, 2 and 3—all volunteers for three years—left Trenton for Washington by the Camden and Amboy line. They looked very well, and their equipment was excellent.

Major Hexamer and his artillery battery are ready for their departure for the seat of war; but the Secretary of War wishes the State to furnish extra guns and extra horses to meet casualties. The Governor has written to the President on the subject.

Some surprise has been expressed that the Highwood Guard, one of the New Jersey crack companies, should have disbanded at the first sound of war. A few, we understand, entered into other regiments, but some explanation is due. Where are the Hoppers, the Joneses, Browns, Smiths and Robinsons gone to?

General Hatfield is busy making experiments with a new kind of gun, which promises great results. It is very light, very certain, and of long range.

## MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

The following regiments have left for Washington since our last paper:

Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, Colonel McCunn.  
Fifteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel McLeod Murphy.  
Twenty-second Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel Mathieson.  
Sixteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel Davis.  
Massachusetts Tenth Regiment Volunteers, from Boston, Colonel Cass—or dered to Fort Monroe, but sent on from thence to Washington.  
Second Maine Regiment, Volunteer.  
Fifth Maine Regiment at Colonel Donnell.  
Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteer, Colonel Clarke.  
Twenty-second (Albany) New York Volunteers, Colonel Phelps.  
In addition to these eight regiments, New Jersey despatched on Friday three additional regiments, viz.:  
First Regiment Volunteers, Colonel Montgomery.  
Second Regiment Volunteers, Colonel McLane.  
Third Regiment Volunteers, Colonel Taylor.  
These were forwarded to Washington.

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The following singular document appears in the New Orleans papers:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NO. 1,  
NEW ORLEANS, June 6, 1861.

1. Information having reached these Headquarters that some unprincipled sympathizers with the Black Republican despotism at the North are in the habit of furnishing the blockading vessels daily with fresh provisions and the daily newspapers, Colonel P. O. Herbert will give positive orders to the commanding officers at Forts Jackson and Pike, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Fuller at the passes, to overhaul all boats, and take all fresh provisions which they may have in excess of all that is necessary for the use of their crews, and for such families along the coast as they may have been in the habit of supplying.

2. The regular mail boats and tow boats are not referred to in this order.

By Command of Major General Twiggs.  
D. BELZILLOVER, Major Louisiana Artillery.

A RIVERMAN, named Gris-et, about ten days ago was engaged in taking in a cargo of wood in a sloop at a place about six miles up Mattox Creek, Westmoreland county, Virginia, when his sloop was seized and he threatened with being held as a prisoner. He was, however, permitted to leave if he could get away. A Union man gave him a canoe, and with this he paddled out and over to the Maryland shore, and after about thirty-four hours of the hardest work he ever experienced he arrived at Marlow's Bay, where he was taken aboard a long boat and brought to the city. The distance he paddled in his chestnut dug-out was about sixty miles. Gris-et discovered during his stay in Westmoreland county that provisions were very scarce. Coffee was worth fifty cents per pound. A party formed a Home Guard while he was there, and sent to Fredericksburg for ammunition. The amount obtained was twenty-five pounds of powder and fifty of lead in bars. Great dread is expressed, in that portion of Virginia, of an uprising of the slaves.

JOHN LETCHER, the tool of "One-eyed Davis," as the Charleston *Mercury* contemptuously calls him, now and then catches a Tartar. Some time ago he received a letter from Lieutenant Mayo, son to the present Mayor of Richmond, and a nephew of General Scott, in which appears the following passage: "John Letcher, I am not your mercenary, nor the mercenary of the 'Convention.' My primary and only allegiance is due and rendered to the United States. The United States has cared for me for many years, and its flag is endeared to me by too many associations to be lightly abandoned and turned against in this hour of its direst peril, particularly upon the promises to pay of an exhausted treasury and the promise of 'rank' from a State whose militia, by her own showing and invitation, is commanded by a foreigner who is a traitor to that Government to which the people of Virginia are faithful, despite the unholy and unprincipled action of the 'Convention.' It, sir, I were to forsake the Stars and Stripes in this dread hour and join your banner, what assurances would you have that I would not betray you? Surely not that of honor, not that of patriotism."

## WAR ITEMS.

**DUTIES OF LOYAL OFFICERS TO IMPROVAL VESSELS.**—On the 28th ult. Thomas Froom, United States Consul at Belfast, addressed a letter to our Minister, Mr. Adams, asking his instructions regarding the disposition to be made of two vessels which had arrived at Belfast, bearing certificate and clearance from the New Orleans Deputy Collector, who professed to act under authority "of the State of Louisiana and the Montgomery Government." On the 4th of June Mr. Adams made answer, as follows:

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
London, June 4, 1861."

"Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th May last, making certain inquiries touching the irregularities in the papers of the American bark Ivanhoe, of Bath, and the Cephas Starret, of Rockland, Me., lately arrived at Belfast."

"It may be as well to establish the rule once for all, that no papers whatever, issued from a power in the United States purporting to be adverse to that known and established by constitution and law of the United States, can be deemed worthy of recognition by the officers of the United States. The people of the State of Louisiana are now known to be in a state of open rebellion. Hence, no ship's papers issued from any source established by them whatever, within the Custom House or outside of it, is to be considered as of more worth than if issued by an equal number of irresponsible individuals. The same rule may be held to apply to any similar case."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS."

**IMPRESSMENT OF BRITISH SUBJECTS IN THE REBEL ARMY.**—Mr. R. sell writes to the London *Times*, under date of New Orleans, May 25: "British subjects living in New Orleans have been seized, knocked down, carried off from their labor at the wharf and the workshop, and forced by violence to serve in the 'volunteer' ranks! These cases are not isolated. They are not in twos and threes, but in tens and twenties; they have not occurred stealthily or in byways, they have taken place in the open day and in the streets of New Orleans. These men have been dragged along like felons, protesting in vain that they were British subjects. Fortunately, their friends brought them that there was still a British Consul in the city who would protect his countrymen—English, Irish or Scotch. Mr. Mure, when he heard of the reports and of the evidence, made energetic representations to the authorities, who, after some evasion, gave orders that the impressed 'volunteers' should be discharged, and the 'Tiger Roll' and other companies were deprived of the services of thirty-five British subjects, whom they had taken from their usual avocations. The Mayor promises it shall not occur again."

**"LINCOLN'S IMPRISONMENT."**—Under this caption, the Richmond *Enquirer*, of June 13, says: "A piece of impertinence, entirely in character with Lincoln's Government, was attempted towards Governor Letcher, which was promptly and pointedly repelled. A pardon was sent from Lincoln to the Governor for a conveyance to the Penitentiary, who had been sentenced for robbing the mail by the late Federal Court in this city, which the Governor returned with the following letter:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
Richmond, Va., June 7, 1861."

"To his Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States: "Sir—I am instructed by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia to return to you the accompanying documents from the Department of State, U.S.A. "The Commonwealth of Virginia not being one of the United States of America, the power of the Chief Executive of that nation is not recognized by the Government of this State."

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
S. BASSET FRENCH,"

"A. D. C. to the Governor of Virginia."

The citizens of Woodruff county will give Mr. Crittenden a grand festival near Versailles on Wednesday. From the preparations, it will doubtless be an outburst of love and respect to the distinguished statesman.—*Louisville Journal*.

WM. W. LAMB has been elected Mayor of Norfolk.

JACK HAYS, the celebrated Texas Ranger, is reported on his way from California with a party of picked men for the Rebel States. General Albert S. Johnson is supposed to be one of Hays's party.

## THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

ALTHOUGH the Southern papers do not reach us regularly, there now and then strays one from that interdicted region which convinces us that the mastery inactivity of Scott has half killed the rebellion. He has scotched the snake. The Richmond *Examiner* says:

"We have taken a great many Federal forts and hundreds of thousands of arms without opposition, and captured Fort Sumpter after the Administration had been engaged more than a month in measures to relieve it. No Seceded State is invaded, although Lincoln, his Cabinet and the whole North have been trying to do so for more than two months. To preserve appearances they will no doubt make an occasional John Brown raid and shoot a few negroes, pigs and poultry, but they have no more ideas, and no more ability to invade the South than to invade England."

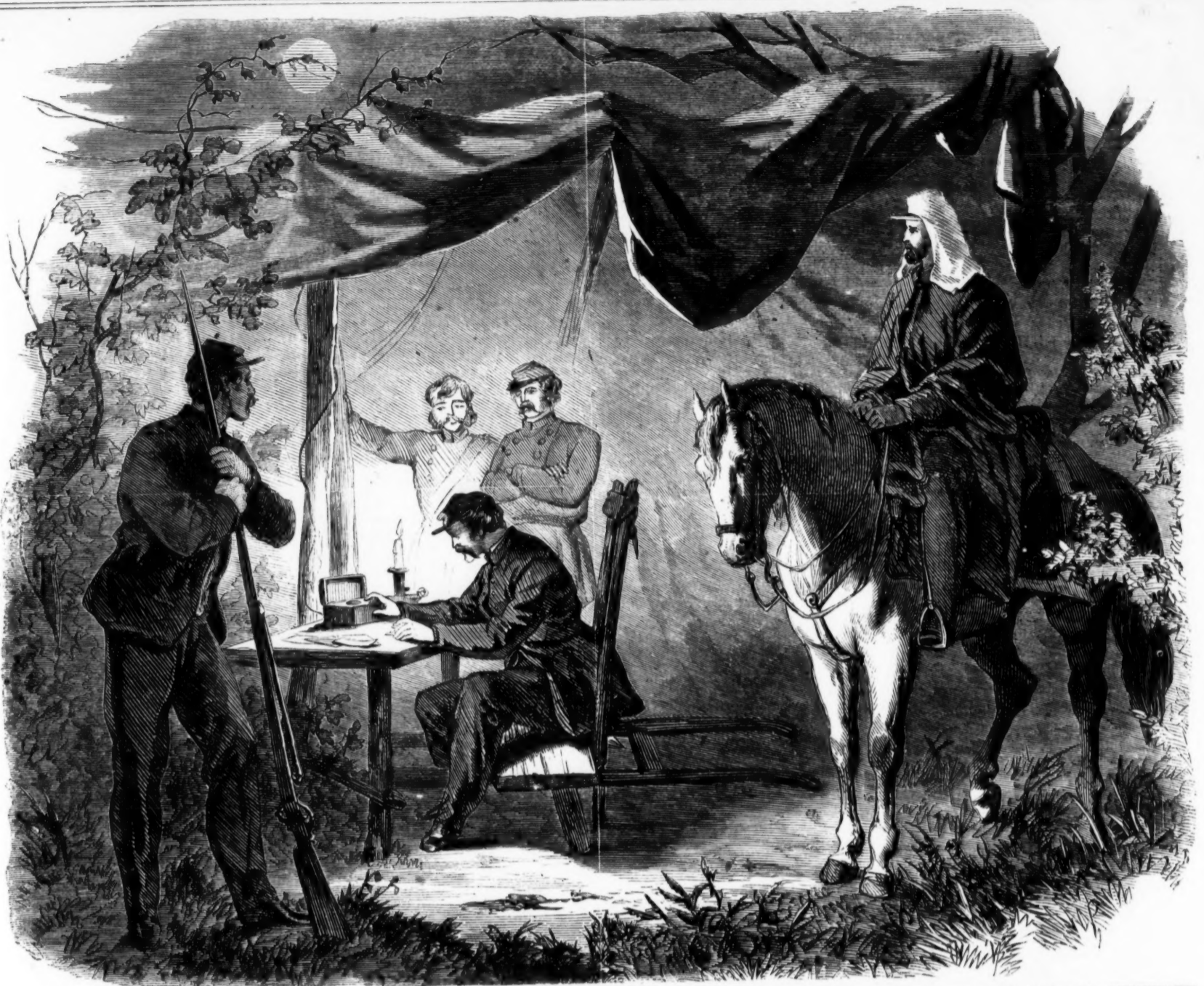
A gentleman who came from Richmond last week informed us that the common people there were not aware that the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion had been invaded, the military occupation being confined to Fortress Monroe, which they were told was so closely besieged that Butler was on the point of surrendering. A cause founded on such deceptions must indeed be in a perishing condition.

DR. CLARKE, the traveller, asked in Sweden what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine that he visited. "Became of her?" said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh, "she became a pancake!"

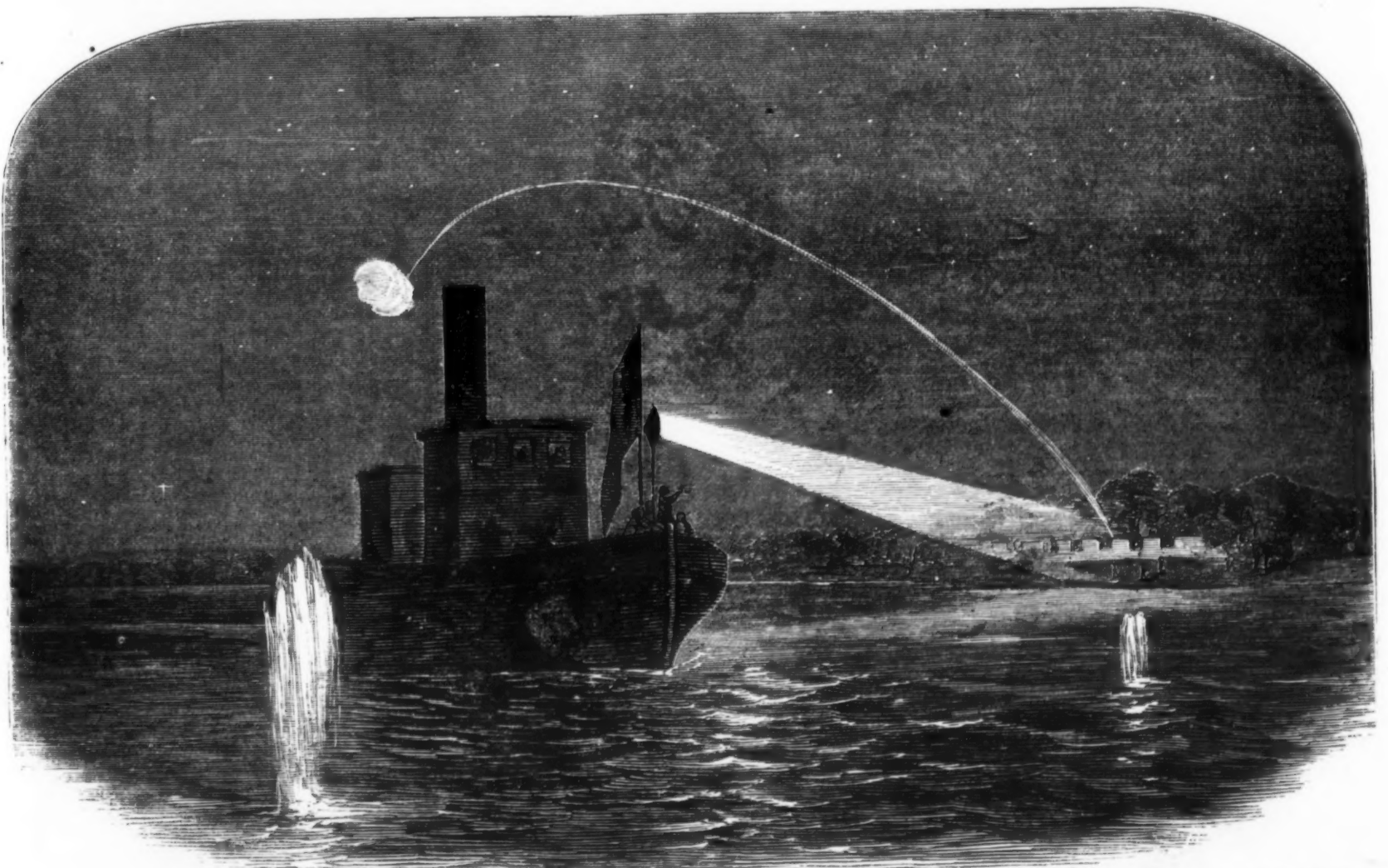
A HALF BILLY basketwoman passing down Lord Dunderman's avenue, at Cambridge one day, he met her, and said: "My good woman, there's no road this way." "No, sir," she said, "I think you're wrong there; I think it's a most beautiful road."



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE GUNBOAT FLOTILLA, FREEDORN AND BELLANER, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN JAMES H. WARD, AND A SECESSION FORCE AT MATIAS POINT, VA., ON THE POTOMAC RIVER.—DEATH OF CAPTAIN WARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 118.



THE UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH LINE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIA, LONDON AND HAMPSHIRE R. R. AND AQUEDUCT ROAD FROM GEORGETOWN, ALEXANDRIA COUNTY, VA., COMMUNICATING WITH THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118.



RECONNOITREING THE SHORES OF THE POTOMAC AT NIGHT, TO DISCOVER THE MILITARY WORKS OF THE SECESSIONISTS, BY MEANS OF PROFESSOR GRANT'S POWERFUL CALCIUM LIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118

### ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE, IN BALTIMORE, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

MR. KANE, the Marshal of Baltimore, has long been known for his Secession proclivities, and has been deemed a dangerous man in his official capacity, through the influence which his position gave him over the entire police force. He was suspected of treasonable correspondence, and of concealing vast amounts of arms. Important facts coming to the knowledge of Major-General Banks, he issued an order for the arrest of Marshal Kane, who was taken at his house, at three o'clock on the 27th inst. Marshal Kane offered no resistance, and he was at once conveyed to Fort McHenry, where he now occupies the same apartment as Mr. Merriman.

Colonel Kenley, of the Maryland Volunteers, was appointed Provost Marshal, and at once took possession of the Marshal's office. The Police Commissioners protested against the usurpation, and directed the police officers to take off all their badges, and in fact virtually disbanded the force. Colonel Kenley at once took measures to replace them, and commenced the same day swearing in new officers, so that Baltimore will now have a loyal and efficient guard sufficient to control all real demonstrations. In the meantime Marshal Kane is held prisoner, and the searching of his office has revealed an immense amount of arms and ammunition, and evidences of treason direct and incontrovertible. Let us trust that he will not be discharged and rewarded with a Major-Generalship.

### THE U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH LINE.

THE great inventions of the age are now brought in as assistants to the art of warfare. Whole regiments are moved from place to place by railroad; reconnaissances are made by means of balloons, and despatches are sent by the electric telegraph, and not by couriers. Everything is faster than in the time of our fathers, and we naturally expect that results should be rapid in proportion; that they are not so is probably owing to the new and popular science of "how not to do it."

The telegraph material was sent on with the advance of the army, and was laid down with as much rapidity as possible. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated, as every step in the movements of the troops can be reported instantly at headquarters, and orders and counter-orders be conveyed back without a moment's delay. The sketch which our Special Artist accompanying General McDowell's command has sent us represents the Bureau of the United States Military Telegraph Line, at the headquarters of General McDowell, at Arlington House, Va. The operator is busy at his work, and officers are awaiting the despatches as they arrive to convey them to the General in command.

### RECONNOITREING THE SHORES OF THE POTOMAC River with Professor Grant's Calcium Light.

It is a matter of military necessity to watch the operations of the enemy on the banks of the Potomac, as from time to time in various points batteries spring up as if by magic, and reveal themselves by firing upon the passing vessels. Reconnoissances by day are attended with considerable danger, and the observer can be observed and the works concealed. But at night the works go on without fear of observation, and it was to take advantage of this confident security that experiments were made with the calcium lights of Professor Grant. In the darkness of the night the vessel bearing them glided slowly and secretly along, and when it reached some suspected point the full strength of the calcium light is suddenly directed upon it, lighting it up with a brightness like to that of day. It is said to be effective in the present operations, but in the harbor of Charleston before and after the attack on Sumpter it was tried and deemed not effective.

### RECONNOISSANCE BY COLONEL MAX WEBER'S TURNER RIFLES.

THE reconnoissance of the enemy's country is a service of no slight danger. It requires rapidity and secrecy of motion, and a great amount of caution. The reconnoissance by Colonel Max Weber's Turner Rifles was ordered in consequence of a report that the Secessionists were strongly fortifying the vicinity of Newmarket Bridge, on the road to Yorktown. This point being one of great importance, it was deemed necessary to learn the truth of the report, and the Turner Rifles were dispatched, accompanied by a battery of two pieces of artillery, manned by regulars, under the command of Captain Smith of the Topographical Engineers. After thoroughly scouring the neighborhood, no evidence was discovered to justify the report. A few mounted scouts were met occasionally, but these immediately took to cover on the approach of the reconnoitring party.

### GENERAL JAMES S. NEGLEY.

JAMES S. NEGLEY is a native of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, of Swiss parentage, aged thirty-four years. He enlisted as a private in the Duquesne Grays of Pittsburgh, to serve in the war with Mexico. At that time he was not of age, and left in opposition to the wishes of his friends, who tried to detain him by law, but without success. He was engaged in all the battles of the First Regiment of Pennsylvania, and was one of the few who escaped the terrible slaughter of the Duquesne Grays in Puebla on the 12th of October. While in Mexico he received a complimentary discharge from the Secretary of War, which he indignantly refused, and returned with his company at the close of the war. On his return a company was formed in his native village, of which he was elected Captain, and under his command the company was recognized as one of the best in the State. A portion of that same company is at York under the name of the Negley Zouaves. On the vacancy of Brigadier-Generalship of Allegheny county, which had twenty-two military companies, General Negley was unanimously elected Brigadier-General, and, on the election of Governor Curtin, twenty-two brigades of the State unanimously urged General Negley's appointment as Adjutant-General.

When a call was issued for volunteers from Pennsylvania General Negley was one of the first to offer his services, and was appointed Third Brigadier-General, commanding the entire Western portion of the State of Pennsylvania. The business-like manner in which everything pertaining to his command has been arranged is ample proof that he is the right man in the right place. The Pennsylvanians have reason to be proud of this young General, and nothing can be more gratifying to him than the assurance apparent everywhere that he possesses the confidence of his entire brigade. They know and feel that they have a soldier for a commander, one who acts from experience and from a keen appreciation of all their wants and desires.

### AWAITING THE ENEMY.

THERE is scarcely a more anxious period in a soldier's life than that which passes while awaiting in the deep midnight the attack of an expected foe. It is true that one becomes second nature, and that many of the soldiers settle themselves comfortably to sleep with arms in their hands, however imminent the danger or desperate the situation. But to the majority the interval between the expectation and the reality is a period of anxiety and serious thought, when the ear becomes painfully acute, and every nerve is strained to its utmost tension. Our Artist has sketched one of these night scenes when the gallant Eleventh Indiana Regiment of Zouaves were under arms, awaiting the attack



COLONEL ROBERT COWDIN, OF THE FIRST REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

of the Secession troops in the neighborhood of Cumberland, Maryland.

### BIVOUAC OF THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEER Regiment of Zouaves, Colonel L. Wallace, at Cumberland, Maryland.

Our Special Artist accompanying Major-General McClellan's command has sketched the gallant Eleventh Indiana Zouaves in their bivouac at Cumberland, Maryland. Great interest is attached to this regiment since its brilliant attack at Romney, and as we last presented them in the midst of the action, we have pleasure in showing them to our readers roughing it in their distant camp.

### CAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER AID, OFF MOBILE, ALA.,

By the Boats of the U. S. Frigate Niagara.

THE United States steam frigate Niagara arrived off Mobile June 5, to blockade that port, and on the same day took a schooner as prize which was anchored close under the land, wrecking an English ship, which had been ashore since last spring. At noon the steamer Mount Vernon took three of the frigate's boats, and having run in for the land as far as was deemed prudent, the boats were let go, and they then pulled for the schooner, being about one hundred yards off. They saw the crew attempt to raise the anchor, but a marine being ordered to discharge his musket across her bows stopped them from any further attempt to get away.



COL. JOHN E. BENDIX, OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, STEUBEN RIFLES, N. Y. V. M.

The vessel was taken quite by surprise, and it is probable that they hardly thought it worth while to keep a lookout in the heat of the day. The schooner's name is the Aid, of Mobile, formerly of Long Island. The captain and crew were allowed to depart in the schooner's boat, the former pleading very hard to save his vessel, but the lieutenant commanding the expedition told him that he would give him an order to take charge of the United States revenue cutter now at Mobile, and if he (the captain) would bring her out they would then make an exchange of vessels. The boat's crew then raised the anchor and towed her out some distance, when they set sail and anchored at five P. M., the Stars and Stripes flying from the peak, under the guns of the frigate Niagara.

### ATTACK AT MATHIAS POINT, ON THE POTOMAC. DEATH OF CAPTAIN WARD.

On the 27th instant the steamers Freeborn and Reliance landed a small force upon Mathias Point, to erect a battery.

The Federal force which was landed at the Point consisted of only thirty-five men. They threw out pickets and worked all day in erecting a battery on the Point. During this time they were not molested, but while in the act of retiring to their boats at six o'clock in the afternoon, our men were fired upon by a force of six hundred rebels who had been concealed in ambush. The Federal force retreated in good order. Private Williams held a flag after he had been wounded. Part of the flagstaff was shot away by the rebels while in his hands. Fifteen holes were shot in the flag, but Williams continued to wave it defiantly at the enemy. The boats of the Federal steamers were riddled with bullets.

The steamers opened their fire to protect the retreating troops, and we deeply regret to state that Captain Ward, of the United States Navy, as gallant and as true a sailor as ever trod our deck, was shot in the chest while in the act of sighting a gun upon the enemy. The wound was fatal, and we have to mourn the loss of another good and brave man and able officer. Several of our troops were severely wounded, one, it is supposed, mortally.

The Secession force numbered one thousand men, and it is reported that two thousand more were close at hand to support the attacking party. The fight lasted half an hour, when the vessels withdrew, the Freeborn returning to Aquia Creek, while the Pawnee came up to the Washington Navy Yard, bringing the body of Captain Ward.

### ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL.

THIS celebrated hotel, which vies with, if it does not surpass in size, any similar establishment on the Western Continent, is the home of all the distinguished families who make Montreal their temporary resort. Its selection by the Prince of Wales has given it a prestige of fashion which insures it the patronage of the titled, the wealthy, and the better classes of travellers. It is situated on Great St. James street, and presents a handsome front of three hundred feet, and a depth of over three hundred feet. In addition to numerous handsome parlors, reception rooms, family suites and dining halls, the St. Lawrence Hall contains over three hundred bedrooms, and the new dining hall, just finished, can accommodate over five hundred guests. The rooms are light, large, well ventilated, and furnished throughout with perfectly new and elegant furniture. The St. Lawrence is in all respects the model of a first-class hotel.

In the summer season most of the notable American families who pass through Canada make the St. Lawrence Hall their resting place, and the American flag now floats over the building as the residence of the American Consul.

The present proprietor, Mr. Hogan, has managed for ten years past, and the popularity and esteem which he now enjoys is the best proof of his ability to govern its affairs, and of the entire satisfaction which his efforts to please have given to his influential titled and untitled guests.

### COUNT CAVOUR.

THE greatest statesman Italy has produced for centuries died in Turin, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 6th of June, after having achieved, by his wisdom, the independence of his country. It has been reserved for no other man in our generation to accomplish so great an end in so masterly a manner. At his birth, fifty-three years ago, Italy was an almost lifeless mass of irritable fragments—He has left it a great European power—he was the brain of Italian Regeneration, as Garibaldi was its right arm—both were necessary to its resurrection. The Lazarus of Nations was aroused from the torpor of ages by his voice, and with a rare good fortune Garibaldi was at hand to lead it at once from its grave to the throne. If anything could prove the vital genius of the once Mistress of the World it is the fact that, at one and the same time, it had two such sons as Joseph Garibaldi, the warrior, and Camillo Cavour, the statesman. It required both to render complete the unity and independence of Italy.

Camillo Cavour was born near Turin, on the 10th of August, 1807, and was educated with great care, and as a strict Catholic. Being of an ancient and wealthy family, he very soon received the appointment of Page in the Palace. There his independent spirit made him enemies, and he was dismissed. He then entered the Military Academy, where he obtained the rank of Lieutenant of Engineers. Here his liberal opinions made him enemies, and throwing up his commission, he went to England, where he remained for many years, studying its language, laws, national manners and political philosophy. When he returned to Turin in 1846, he went back an English Italian. To this fortunate fact the present regeneration of Italy is undoubtedly due. He went a theorist—an enthusiast—he returned a practical statesman. He saw that the foundation of permanence was moderation—unlike Mazzini, who "forgot nothing and learned nothing," he returned capable of mastering every position of political accident. A monarchist from philosophy, as well as by birth and education, he threw away, as idle dreams, the vague vanities and egotisms which have rendered French and Italian republicanism at once a failure and a scourge. In a nation where a small proportion only are educated, and where they are, more or less, under the control of a priesthood, he saw that the masses required the glittering bauble of a jeweled pivot to steadily revolve around; and looking at our present melancholy spectacle, it may be said, in the words of a great American writer, that even we are less adapted for a republican form of government now than we were in the days of Jefferson. Republicanism implies virtue, self-denial, simplicity, honesty and industry in the people, and patriotism and principle in our public men; we leave our readers to decide how far those two classes answer these requirements.

On his return to his native land he commenced the publication of a newspaper called *Risorgimento*, in which he developed his aspirations with singular force and moderation. In 1850 he became Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, but left the Sardinian Ministry in 1852. He took this opportunity to revisit England. Soon afterwards Baron Azeglio was compelled to resign, and Cavour became President of the Council, a position he retained, with a short intermission in 1859, till his death.

We have so fully detailed his measures in this paper that it is unnecessary to recapitulate how sagaciously he made Sardinia the confederate of England and France, by joining those two great and liberal nations in the war against Russian arrogance and divine right to do wrong. This was the germ out of which Italian Regeneration has since bloomed. If Garibaldi, the great gardener, mowed down the Austrian, Papal and

Neapolitan weeds which threatened to overrun the fair plant of freedom, Count Cavour sowed the seed. Like all great men, when more far-seeing than their contemporaries, he was misunderstood by even his associates, and hence the misunderstanding between him and Garibaldi last December. It is gratifying to know that the great warrior was speedily convinced of his illustrious friend's equal patriotism and superior sagacity to his own, and sincerely mourns his death.

It is an interesting fact that Count Cavour and Louis Napoleon first met at Lord Palmerston's hospitable mansion, when the present ruler of France was a mere dreaming adventurer and the other a student. We may here mention that Count D'Orsay was their most intimate friend, and that this most remarkable trio were considered three of the fastest men in London. Count Cavour was at once a bachelor and an epicurean—indeed, if it be decorous to say anything disparaging of so great and noble a man, we might add that he had been as abstemious as he was patriotic; he would have lived for many years. But he has done a good life's work, and deserves the heartfelt respect and admiration of every American. In person he was middle-sized and corpulent—his countenance was somewhat heavy, with a pleasant expression. His eye was uncommonly brilliant, and though he talked with deliberation, he was fluent. In disposition he was magnanimous and generous, and although not a person of refined taste, he was a very liberal patron of the fine arts. We can add nothing more emphatic of the public sentiment than to say his death is a calamity for the world.

#### COL. ROBERT COWDIN,

Of the First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

THERE was a brilliant reception given to the First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers by the Sons of that State residing in New York. The regiment numbers one thousand and forty-six men, and is commanded by Colonel Robert Cowdin, whose portrait we give in the present number. Mr. Richard Warren addressed the regiment for the delegation, saying much that was flattering, kind and patriotic. The response to this was made by Colonel Robert Cowdin, who, being more a man of deeds than words, made the following brief and pointed speech:

"Some of your faces are familiar to me; one I know served with me in the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. I am no speechmaker. I am here to do some work. But I speak from the bottom of my heart when I say that I am at the head of as brave a set of men as ever breathed. If dishonor happens to our colors, it will occur after we are all dead. We have volunteered for three years, and our bones will be left upon the battle-field rather than desert those principles." These remarks were greeted by loud applause, and all present felt, if ever the regiment had work to do, that, under the leadership of Colonel Cowdin, it would be heard of honorably and victoriously.

#### COL. JOHN E. BENDIX, Of the Seventh Regiment, Steuben Rifles.

WAS formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Washington Rifles, the only rifle corps in the First Division of our regularly organized Militia. This regiment is composed of ten companies, in all seven hundred and fifty men, among whom are many of our best German citizens and some Americans. The men are armed with the long range Minié rifle, with sword bayonet, and are in the highest state of discipline, especially in the skirmish drill. The great military skill displayed in this regiment is highly creditable to Colonel Bendix, as he labored hard and sacrificed much to bring it to its present state of efficiency. The Colonel's military life has been a very arduous one, owing to his laudable ambition to become a well-skilled and thoroughly drilled soldier, both in the practical use of arms and in the various evolutions in the field. He has been a hardworking soldier for a period of over twenty years, and by his untiring exertions has secured for himself his present prominent position. He possesses a good military library, and has made himself familiar with military information from the best authorities. Colonel Bendix has taught military tactics to private classes, in which some of our officers have received valuable instruction in military matters. At the time the Colonel left for the seat of war he was engaged in translating "Hardee's Tactics" into German, for the use of the German military population of the United States. He had the work far advanced when he embarked. The Colonel possesses all that is requisite to make the soldier—bravery, decision and determination. He is a strict disciplinarian, with a kind and generous heart. He is forty-three years of age, has a good constitution and great endurance. He is an American by birth, of German extraction. The Colonel's friends have every confidence in him and his regiment, as it is one of the best volunteer corps that has left this State. All its officers have seen service in the recent European wars.

#### THE UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL, GEORGETOWN, D. C.

The Union Hotel at Georgetown has been converted into the United States General Hospital, for the use of the sick and wounded soldiers of our army. It has been arranged with forethought and care for the comfort and well-being of the gallant victims of a terrible necessity. The hospital duties are rendered with all the tenderness and delicacy of woman's ministrations, and we doubt if the sufferers could be cared for more lovingly at the hands of their mothers, wives or sisters. The general arrangement of the hospital service has been entrusted to Miss Dix, who, in her ministrations to the afflicted, emulates the undying, though modest fame of Florence Nightingale. Her presence or supervision guarantees that all that can be done for suffering humanity will assuredly be done.

#### FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

It is not often that we hear of any new musical publications from Spain—a country generally reputed effete in music, politics and literature—but a cantata, the work of a native composer, Don Francisco Frontera de Valdemora, entitled "El Iris de España," is spoken of as deserving special notice for its beauty and originality. The fortunate composer has already been distinguished by several marks of honor, being named Commander of the Royal Order of Charles III. and also Honorary Secretary to the Queen.

THE KING OF DABOMBEY'S AMAZONS.—Among the King of Dabomey's army there is a troop called the Amazon Guard. The *West African Herald* thus describes them: "The Amazon Guard, as they have sometimes been styled, are the most extraordinary troops that we have ever heard of or read of. They are 3,000 in number, all females, and display such a degree of ferocious bloodthirstiness and hardihood as to bear a greater resemblance to a lot of mad tigers than to human creatures. They utterly despise death; they show no

mercy to any living in war; they are mad after blood, and seem not to know what fear means. They are in fact a troop of devils, so to speak, whose hideous wildness of manner and the savage madness of whose demeanor in times of excitement is so appalling and inhuman as to have led many well-judging persons to opine that these dreadful creatures are periodically subjected to the influence of some species of drug which has this effect. The dress of the Amazons consists of a pair of loose trousers, an upper garment covering the breast, and a cap. They are armed with a gun, knives and daggers; some have blunderbusses, others long elephant guns, while the remainder carry the ordinary musket. In their military exercise they display good discipline, as well as wonderful dexterity and agility."

THE *Opinion* of Turin mentions a new kind of *lusus naturæ*, in the shape of two highway women, who, a few days ago, attacked a female of Ferravalle, near Florence, rifled her pockets of all she had, and struck her several severe blows with a stick.

A VERY tall flagstaff has been erected in Kew Gardens. It is of unrivalled height and symmetry, and made of the Douglas Pine from Vancouver's Island, British Columbia. The spar is one hundred and fifty-nine feet long, and its diameter is twenty-two inches at the base, tapering regularly to eight inches at the summit. There are two hundred and fifty concentric rings, or layers of wood, indicating as many years of growth; its weight is three tons, and it contains one hundred and fifty-seven square feet of timber.

THE *Journal de la Vienne* gives an account of a singular hunt in the neighborhood of Poitiers, in that department. "An ox of great ferocity, belonging to a farmer at Civaux, escaped a month ago from a stable in which it had been confined, and sought refuge in a forest near Lusaco. On several occasions it pursued people passing through the forest, and caused great alarm in the neighborhood. At length the sub-prefect of Montmorillon gave orders that a general battue should take place for the purpose of killing the animal. Accordingly, three days back, some gendarmes went to the village of La Tour, near which it had been last seen, and obtained the assistance of a number of inhabitants. A search was then commenced, and the ox was after awhile found in a clump of brushwood. Two gendarmes, advancing to within about thirty paces, discharged their carbines, and five or six of the villagers who were armed with guns also fired, but though wounded in several places, it appeared disposed to rush at the gendarmes, when the flashing of their bayonets frightened it, and it took to flight. The gendarmes and villagers pursued, and again fired and wounded it as before. Once more the animal fled and was chased a long time before it could be caught. The gendarmes then discharged their carbines, and it fell dead. Altogether, the hunt lasted several hours.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.—Everybody is aware that wild beasts abound in the jungles of the Punjab, but we suspect very few people entertain the remotest idea of the frightful number of human creatures, especially children, that are destroyed year after year by these animals. In the past two years, no less than nine hun-

Mr. PLINT, a Leeds manufacturer and picture collector, has recently bought Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ," for £2,000. Mr. Gambart being allowed to retain it for ten years for exhibition and engraving. Upwards of 100,000 persons have paid their shilling to see the picture, and the engraving list is growing prodigiously long. Mr. Plint is a rough Yorkshireman, and when first he saw the painting, expressed his admiration of it aloud and in homely language. "I mun hae that pictur—I mun hae it." "But," said the gallery-keeper, who did not recognise a wealthy manufacturer in the coarse figure before him, "but it will cost a deal of money, sir." "I dunna care, I mun hae the pictur." Where's Muster Gambart? He saw Mr. Gambart, and in five minutes the bargain was concluded.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.—Summing up the results of his four years' travel, M. du Chaillu says: "I travelled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about eight thousand miles. I shot, stuffed and brought home over two thousand birds, of which more than sixty are new species, and I killed upwards of one thousand quadrupeds, of which two hundred were stuffed and brought home, with more than eighty unknown to science. I suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking to cure myself more than fourteen ounces of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, it is not worth while to speak. My two most severe and trying tasks were the transportation of my numerous specimens to the seashore, and the keeping of a daily journal, both of which involved more painful care than I like even to think of."

In order to show the enormous increase in the value of land in Paris, it is mentioned that four acres of ground adjoining the Passage Sandric was rented by M. Jérôme Sandric, in 1760, for ninety-nine years, at six hundred francs an acre. This ground, let on those conditions ninety-two years ago, is now sold at a minimum price of four hundred francs a metre, and consequently represents a capital of six millions of francs, which, at five per cent, produces a revenue of 300,000 francs.

JULIE CANDELLE was famous in our great-grandfather's time, and she had a stage friend, as fair as herself, named Lange, who had captivated the son of M. Simons, the wealthy coachbuilder of Paris. To break what he thought a disgraceful marriage, the coachbuilder hastened to Paris, to remonstrate with Mlle. Lange, at whose house he found, on arriving, only Julie Candelle. This couple discussed the question, and with such decisive effect that the actress returned to Brussels the wife of the elder Simons, at whose residence the other pair of lovers were also united.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO AT HENGELER'S CIRCUS.—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* says: "We regret to announce that on Friday evening a circumstance of a painful and exciting character occurred at this popular place of amusement. During his engagement at Hengeler's establishment, Mr. Dan Castello has been exhibiting his beautiful and highly-trained horse Ducrow, and a ponderous buffalo, which he bought on the prairie of America, and which the Indians had named 'Yellow Thunder,' after one of their chiefs, who was of huge proportions. In order to provide against accident in the event of the buffalo turning violent, Castello held the animal by a rope, which was fastened to a hook through its nose, and whenever it exhibited symptoms of obstinacy he applied a whip. On Friday evening the buffalo gave evidence of more than ordinary stubbornness, and did not perform some of the customary tricks, and when it came to that part of its programme at which it should leap over a number of bars placed against the side of the arena, it cleared one, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, turned upon Castello, and knocked him down. It fell heavily upon him, and attempted to gore him, but Castello being an active and powerful man, struggled to free himself, and succeeded in avoiding much of the injury which would otherwise have been inflicted on him. The horns of the brute struck several times against the side of the arena, and tore down some portion of the red cloth covering. The utmost alarm was created in the place, and great fears were entertained for Castello's safety. The audience, which was very large, screamed and shouted, and several people ran out of the place. At length Castello succeeded in escaping from his powerful assailant, and jumped into the boxes. The buffalo, on losing its victim, immediately ran out of the arena the same way that it entered, and order was soon afterwards restored. On inquiry we are informed that Castello was not dangerously hurt, that he was able to walk to a cab, and that the most serious injury is a wound in the fleshy part of one of his legs."

M. Mariette is said to have made a new and important discovery in the ruins of Memphis; it is a list of sixty-three Egyptian kings, engraved on limestone. The Paris Library and British Museum are in possession of similar tablets, but they are not nearly so complete as the one lately discovered, which is to find place in the new Museum in Egypt. This tablet of Memphis will determine the Egyptian dynasty of the ante-pyramidal period.

THE well-known stained glass windows of Fairford Church, Gloucestershire, have been restored, and it has been ascertained that some of the glass is English manufacture. Tradition has always asserted that a ship was captured at sea with these identical windows on board, intended for some foreign church, and that the merchant who owned the privateer brought the glass to Fairford, and had the church built to receive it.

A NEW instrument of destruction appears to have been invented in France. A letter from Nantes says: "At present an experiment is being made with a new projectile, of which the effect is said to be terrific. It weighs ninety pounds, and it is estimated that, should it fall among a body of troops in close column, it might kill or wound a hundred men."

#### HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

"Look well before you leap." Very good advice, in its way, but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

"You need not sit up for me, to-night," said a wag to his wife, "but can put the street-door key on the first floor window-sill." "What do you mean?" "Why?" answered he, "I expect to come home a little elevated, and shall be able to reach it right enough."

An Irish foreman to a stevedore, discharging a ship's cargo in London, required some extra help on deck, so he went to the hatchway and shouted down the hold to the men working there. "Now, thin, how many o' ye's down there I dar say?" "Three of us," was the reply. "Then, come up here half o' yer, directly," says the foreman.

A PRETTY girl stepped into a New York store and asked the price of a pair of mits. "Why," said a gallant but impudent clerk, "you may have them for a kiss." "Agreed!" said the young lady, pocketing the gloves, and her eyes speaking daggers, "agreed; and as I see you give credit, you may charge it in your books, and collect it the best way you can."

A BORING clergyman, meeting one of his congregation who had recently come into possession of a handsome property by the death of his brother, inquired how he was getting along in the settlement of the estate. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time! What, with getting out letters of administration, and settling claims, I sometimes almost wish he hadn't died."

SYDNEY SMITH was, on one occasion, waited on by a lady, who lamented her inability to make her child pronounce his words correctly, and said that in a Scripture lesson lately given to him, the youngster called Abraham and the other sacred characters in the passage which he was reading—instead of patriarchs—"partridges." "I see," responded Sydney, "the young rascal was making game of them."

LOUIS XIV., who loved a laconic style, met a priest whilst travelling in the country, and ordering him to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you? Where are you going? What do you want?" The priest, who knew perfectly well the king's disposition, instantly replied, "From Bruges—to Paris—a business." "You shall have it," replied the king, and in a few days he presented him to a valuable living.

A FASHIONABLE lady who, from having been a laundress, was raised to the height of upper-ten-dom by a fortunate marriage with a millionaire, being one day besieged by a flatterer, who treated her as if she had been born to royalty, said to him, half laughing, half seriously, "Sir, you owe me for some washing I did for you some time since." "I had not forgotten it, madam," replied the flatterer, "but I was afraid to pay you." There are few persons, men or women, in society, who would dare to have so good a moneyer.



THE LATE COUNT CAMILLO CAVOUR, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

dred and ninety-nine children were killed, principally by wolves, as will be seen by the subjoined extract: 1859—Killed, six men, one woman and four hundred and sixty-seven children—474; injured, thirty-three men, three women and eighty-three children—119; total, 593. 1860—Killed, nine men, four women and four hundred and thirty-two children—445; injured, twenty-four men and thirty-one children—55; total, 500. The number of wild animals destroyed is not so considerable as one would expect, seeing that Government has paid in two years fourteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six rupees as rewards for the destruction of four thousand two hundred and twenty-five, which includes a large proportion of cubs. The total number of each description of animals killed stands thus: In 1859, tigers, twelve; leopards, one hundred and ninety-two; bears, one hundred and eighty-seven; wolves, one thousand one hundred and seventy-four; and hyenas, two; total, 1,567. In 1860, tigers, thirty-five; leopards, one hundred and sixty-three; bears, three hundred and fifty; wolves, two thousand and eighty; and hyenas, thirty; total, 2,658. The wolves, we understand, do the greatest mischief. The wolf is probably the most cruel but most cowardly animal in existence, and a blundering, stupid beast, devoid of the cunning which many wild animals display. He does not sneak up to his prey like the tiger or fox, or attempt to conceal himself till the moment of his spring, but advances in the open, at a deliberate pace, until he arrives close to the object he has in view, when, if he experiences the least resistance, a blow on the head, for instance, or a thump from a man's fist, he will immediately show his teeth and snarl, but at the same time turn tail and be off without inflicting injury.

BRIGANDS continue to infest alike the dominions of the Pope and those of Victor Emmanuel. The diligences which lately arrived at Rome from Florence and Bologna, had both been overhauled by marauders. The Bologna vehicle was stopped near Macerata by a rope drawn across the road, which brought the horses down to the ground in a heap, and awoke the passengers in a tremor. A lady inside was possessed of so much presence of mind that she lectured the brigands upon their incivility in requiring her to get out as well as the gentleman; and she subsequently upbraided them for their cruelty in such terms as to prevent them from carrying into effect their purposes of killing two Piedmontese passengers, who were less tractable than the others in giving up their watches and money to the spoilers.

THE *Nazione* of Florence announces that a considerable number of jewels, stolen from the gallery of the Uffizi, a few months ago, have at length been discovered in a most singular manner. A hen belonging to a farm not far from Porta Romana (Roman gate), in scratching up the ground in the yard, picked up something shining, which caught the attention of a person present, who happened to be well acquainted with the jewels in question. The bit of shining stuff turned out to be a precious stone from one of the necklaces which had been stolen. The authorities were immediately sent for, and a search being made, a large bundle of jewels, all belonging to the same collection, was dug up. It is confidently believed that this discovery will lead to the arrest of the thieves.



Maryland  
THE CAMP OF THE RHODE ISLAND REGIMENTS, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.—REVIEW OF TROOPS AND ARTILLERY

#### THE RHODE ISLAND CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

FROM the Rhode Island Camp the view of the surrounding country is vast and beautiful in the extreme. It embraces the whole of the City of Washington with its magnificent buildings, Arlington Heights with its long line of glittering camps, the Female Academy at Fairfax, Virginia, the Virginia shores of the Potomac, the Long Bridge and Alexandria, and a portion of Maryland. It is a panorama of rare and exceeding beauty, and one of absorbing interest. The Rhode Island camp is indeed finely located, pleasant and healthful, and ample for all military purposes. Our Special Artist, accompanying General McDowell's command, has sketched the Camp at a happy moment, when the gallant Rhode Islanders were on parade and the efficient artillery coming up in martial array. It was a scene full of animation, and has been spiritedly transcribed by our Artist.

#### THE HUNTER GUN AT FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.

THE immense line of works excavated and made by the Sixty-ninth Regiment of N. Y. S. M., under Colonel Corcoran, is now nearly completed, and will be one of the strongest defences on the whole line of the Potomac. It will be mounted by many heavy guns, some of which are already in position, and among them the splendid Hunter Gun, which will speak most effectively for the Union. Colonel Hunter is active in his supervision, and cordially approves of the successful labors of the gallant Sixty-ninth.

Professor Wiso, of Lancaster, Pa., it is understood, has been engaged by the Government for war balloon operations. He will commence his service immediately.

#### Postscript—Latest Intelligence.

THE news from Washington indicates that a decided forward movement will be made forthwith. On the 1st an order was issued to supply the whole force on both the Potomac with extra rations for six days, in addition to their regular supplies. It is believed that this movement will be initiated on the glorious Fourth.

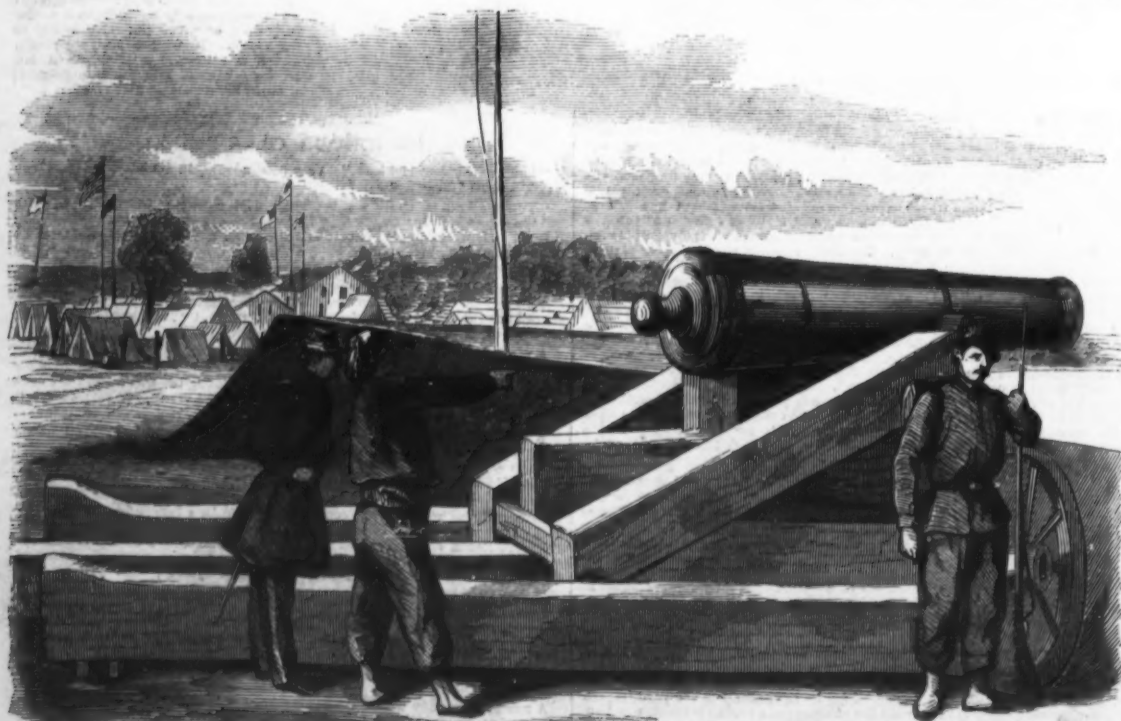
The Government has determined to aid the Union in East Tennessee with arms, ammunition and everything necessary to place them in a defensive or offensive position. Major-General McClellan is now in command of two thousand men in the very heart of Virginia. A bold movement, headed by the General, is about being made, and a few days will reveal some startling events. He has effective cavalry force; and several powerful batteries.

General Fremont has received orders to proceed to Fort Ferry, to command the division now under the command of General Patterson.

Treason is still rife in Baltimore. On her last trip the steamer St. Nicholas was seized by the passengers, by a man in disguise of a woman. The captain, officers and passengers were seized and landed at the Virginia shore. When one hundred Tennesseans were taken on board, St. Nicholas then proceeded up the Potomac in search of Pawnee, hoping to find her unprepared, to board and capture her. The plot, which was well executed, was planned in Baltimore.

The Government most cordially approves the entire action of Major-General Banks with reference to the Baltimore traitors. His prompt and decided action has probably saved the city from a scene of slaughter and bloodshed.

On the 1st July the Sixth and Thirtieth regiments of the Army of the Potomac, on their way to Virginia, were met by the Fifteenth and Seventeenth regiments of the same day the Thirtieth and Seventeenth regiments of the same day moved from Indianapolis, where the Thirtieth and Seventeenth regiments are ready to follow them at a moment's notice. These regiments have complete equipment, a corps of fifty sharpshooters, two pieces of artillery, and a hundred rounds of shot and shell, and six days' rations. Governor Morton (Indiana) has ordered five more regiments to rendezvous at Lafayette, on the 4th, at Indianapolis, to march upon Virginia. These troops will, in all probability, join the force under General McClellan's command.



THE HUNTER GUN, NOW MOUNTED AT FORT CORCORAN, THE QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., AT ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL MCDOWELL'S COMMAND.

A SCHOOLBOY having good-naturedly asked another a difficult cyphering lesson was warmly rebuked by Dominie. "Why did you work him?" "To 'less his work," replied the youngster.



Castel, Washington. U. S. Arsenal. Alexandria, Va. New Jersey Camp Arlington Heights, Va. ROOPS AND ARTILLERY EVOLUTIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL McDOWELL'S COMMAND.

est Intelligence.

indicates that a decided and forthwith. On the 1st inst. the whole force on both sides for six days, in addition to believed that this movement Fourth. aimed to add the Union men of munition and everything ne- sensive or offensive position. ow in command of twenty rt of Virginia. A bold move- is about being made, and a starting move. He has an aral position batteries ed orders to proceed to Har- vision now under the contro- more. On her last trip the ed by the passengers, headed us. The captain, officers and anded on the Virginia shore, as were taken on board. The the Province in search of the prepared, to board and seize all excited, was planned in ally approves the entire action reference to the Baltimore ed action has probably slaughter and bloodshed. and Thirteenth regiments left 1, on the way to Virginia. ed Seventeenth Indiana regi- is, while the Thirteenth and dy to follow them at a mo- have complete equipments, two pieces of artillery, two shell, and six days' rations. orders five more regiments the 4th, 10th and 12th, also ne troops will, in a proba- eral Meade's command.



RECONNOISSANCE BY COL. MAX WEBER'S TURNER RIFLES IN THE VICINITY OF NEWMARKET BRIDGE, ON THE ROAD TO YORKTOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118.

## LUCILLE DE VERNET: A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Poor Madeline, who shall portray her distress, or what language can give expression to her misery? When the diligence drew up to change horses, she had descended from the vehicle, intending merely to seek to overcome the giddiness which depressed her by breathing the fresh air, and by a change of position, which the opportunity seemed to offer; but her giddiness increased as she alighted from the diligence, and she tottered towards the house in attempting to mount the steps, of which her strength entirely failed her. She felt herself falling, and to save herself endeavored to reach an iron palisade which surmounted the steps; she had not time before she became insensible, and fell heavily against the rails. She was carried into the house, where she recovered but from one fainting fit to fall again into insensibility; and on sending for a surgeon it was discovered that in her fall her arm had struck violently against the iron railings, and was broken.

Madeline, feverish and unconscious, after the fractured limb was set was conveyed to bed, and not till the night had far advanced was she aware of being in a strange place. She looked wildly round the room, and seeing a woman dozing on a chair by the fire, demanded in an alarmed voice where the child was.

The woman, who knew nothing of any child, and thinking she raved, understanding she had fever, and having been told by the doctor she was to be kept free as possible from excitement, replied carelessly,

"Safe, madame, quite safe; and now you are awake, let me give you this composing draught."

"What is the matter with me?" cried the bewildered young woman, for the first time noticing the splints on her arm. "Why is this?"

"Compose yourself, madame," said the woman; "take this draught, and to-morrow you will know all."

"But my arm," said Madeline. "Oh, it is broken! How came it?"

"Was it done by the fall which I now remember I had?" The woman nodded, again offered the medicine, which Madeline, unconscious of the cup of misery in store for her, swallowed, and turning on her pillow fell into a perturbed but long sleep. She awoke not till near mid-day. Breakfast was brought her, and while partaking of it she again asked for her child.

Finding from Madeline's conversation and manner that she was now perfectly sane, it was their turn to demand to what child she alluded. On naming the diligence, it was at once explained; it had carried the object of her care on to Paris.

Madeline in an ecstasy of grief and terror sprung from the bed at this intelligence, and entreated them in heartrending accents to assist her to dress and let her have some conveyance, no matter what, that she might hasten in pursuit of the lost child.

It was in vain they urged her inability to undertake a journey, or endeavored to soften her anguish by telling her on the return of the diligence next day no doubt the child would be brought back with it, or that the doctor persisted that it would bring on an attack of fever. Madeline was firm in her determination to hasten without a moment's hesitation to Paris.

"What will become of me?" she cried. "How can I face her parents!—how return to tell Batiste that I have betrayed the sacred trust all have reposed in me! I cannot, cannot show myself again to them but with the child; they would scorn me, spurn me as I deserve, for daring to undertake a charge I had so ill fulfilled. Oh, Monsieur d'Almaigne! bereaved Lucille! Batiste, trample on me, crush me, for having in my madness quitted for a single moment your beloved—your lost child!"

It was useless offering consolation or whispering hope; she would not hearken to the first, and could not admit the second an inmate to her bosom; and in a state of torture commenced her hopeless pursuit in a state of mind incapable of acting with either decision or promptitude, or indeed with even discretion.

Her head was continually from the window of the carriage, as if she expected to see the child on the wayside, left there by the merciless hand of some cold-hearted stranger, or as in reality she would have considered it, the noble deed of the benevolent and kind-hearted.

A ray of hope for the first time dawned in her heart as her quick eye discerned in the distance the heavy, tottering vehicle that had occasioned her agony and self-reproach. She had descended from the carriage long before it was near, her impatience giving her the idea that she could reach it sooner on foot than riding; and certainly with the speed which nothing but her perturbed mind could have bestowed in her present weak state, she flew, rather than ran, to meet it. On reaching it, breathless with speed and anxiety, she cried out to the postilion,

"Stop, monsieur, and tell me what you have done with my child—where you have left it—who has got it? Oh, tell me what you have done with my child, if you would not drive me mad!"

"That you are already," said the man, "to ask me about your child. What should I possibly know about anybody's child but my own?"

"It is false—you have stolen it!" returned the frantic Madeline. "Will none assist me to recover my child? Are there no Christians present?"

The postilion smacked his lips, an intimation for his horses to proceed; but a gentleman, struck with the all but maniacal appearance of Madeline, ordered him to delay a few moments, while he interrogated the person, who evidently had some deep meaning in what she had said.

A few words from the unfortunate young woman acquainted him with the transaction, and questioning the postilion, he found he was not the one who had conducted the coach on the fatal day; but he readily gave his fellow-servant's address, which the gentleman, writing down, put into the hand of Madeline, telling her at once to go to him, and act according to his statement; at the same time recommending her to take the opportunity, if unsuccessful with the man, to have handbills printed, and distributed through Paris and its environs.

Madeline, too wild to bestow her thanks, promised to do as he advised; and, with dread and impatience, which were enfeebling both mind and body, allowed him to hand her to the coach, which, slow and rumbling, little suited to the passionate excitement of its inmate, proceeded on its way.

It was late at night, the rain falling heavily, when Madeline was set down at a hotel in the Rue de Richelieu. Without waiting a moment for refreshment, she hired a person, and proceeded to the lodging of the postilion. She learnt nothing from him. He could tell her nothing but that one of her fellow-passengers had left the diligence a stage from Paris, and that the others, having arrived in the city, each of them had taken the way to his own destination, but to his belief neither of them had a child with him, but that certainly one of them had taken her luggage—which he could not say. It is impossible to describe her distraction at this news, one moment imagining they had destroyed the child for the sake of the supposed value of the contents of the trunk; the next that she had been dropped on the road, and was enduring the sufferings of cold, hunger and desertion. She told the man to conduct her to a printer's, where she gave an order to have bills posted with a description of the child, and also of her dress.

Madeline had scarcely strength to follow her guide to the hotel. On reaching it she desired to be shown a sleeping-room, where, exhausted by fatigue and pain, and tortured by grief and anxiety, she threw herself on the bed, in the hope of finding a temporary relief in slumber; but there was too much deep emotion in every throb of her heart for sleep. She tossed restlessly from side to side many hours, the hot current coursing through her veins like molten lead, and daylight found her feverish and helpless, alike incapable of acting or resisting.

In this fevered state Madeline lay several days. Her first words on consciousness returning were in a low, feeble tone,

"Have you found her? Say you have—oh, say you have found my child!"

"They shook their heads. 'Not found!' she exclaimed; 'then they have killed her. Dress me; let me go to Batiste; he will search into it; he will find the child of his friend. Do you not see I am weak, and cannot use but one arm? Will no one dress me that I may go to my husband?'"

The doctor, who had entered while she spoke, insisted on silence; and as her taking a composing draught, assured her of her inability

to leave the house at present, but offered to write to her husband, or any friend she would name.

Madeline shuddered. "No, no," she murmured. "I must go. No one must write the dreadful news. Give the draught if it will give me power to quit this place."

The next day her anxiety was so great that even the medical man thought she might as well be removed, and die with her friends as there, which he prognosticated would be the case if her fever continued.

Accordingly, on the following day, propped by pillows, and accompanied by one of the domestics, Madeline departed from Paris. During the journey the same restlessness assailed her as when before travelling the same road; she frequently raised herself to look from the window, in the vain hope that she should see something of the little creature who, like herself, though not so intensely, was suffering the pain and privation of being torn from those she had never before for a day been separated from, and it was only in the endearments of the gentle little Blanche, and the particular regard of the handsome Jose, that she could find consolation.

At length the farm of Batiste was in sight. Madeline's trembling increased. The candles were lighted, but the curtains undrawn, and the figure of her husband bending over some papers was distinctly visible. She groaned; her weight of misery was heavier than it had been yet, as she looked on him.

"He is assiduous," she murmured, "to get all he can for them; he has toiled day and night for it, but what will be all to them without their child? They had before lost wealth and station, and now, now—her agony prevented her finishing the sentence.

Batiste had heard the carriage approaching. He listened a moment; then rose hurriedly, opened the door, and looked out.

"Who is it," he demanded, "that comes at this late hour?"

"Batiste!" said a faint voice.

"Madeline!" he cried. "What has brought you back? No new misfortune, I trust? I had expected and hoped you were in London."

Madeline groaned more audibly. "Take me home," she said, "though I am not worthy to cross its threshold."

Batiste lifted her from the vehicle, carried her into the house, and placed her carefully on a sofa. The lights then gleamed upon her, and he started with wonder and alarm at her altered appearance; scarce a week had passed since she had left him, buoyant with health and vivacity; she had returned broken in spirit, pale, haggard and helpless as an infant, with dishevelled hair and dress, scarcely a vestige of her former self remaining. Something dreadful he knew had happened, and some minutes elapsed after he observed all this before his strong mind recovered the sudden shock it had received, to ask its meaning. He put his arm round his suffering wife, and in a tone of assumed calmness said, "Speak, Madeline; what has caused all this? You are ill; your arm in splinters; but neither is so bad to me, though you suffer from both, as the wildness of your look and manner. Quiet yourself; feel that you are at home with me near you; that, whatever may have occurred, now nothing can harm you."

"You are right, Jacques," said Madeline; "I am ill, my arm broken; but what of it? I feel not my physical ailments. Would that I had died in receiving them!"

"Speak," said Batiste; "this suspense is unendurable! What of the count, Lucille, and the child?"

Madeline screamed slightly. "The child! the child!" she cried, wildly. "Ah! it is that that maddens me; she is lost—gone!—irrevocably gone! Upbraid me, crush me; I will bear all!"

Batiste started to the other side of the apartment, where for a moment he glanced almost as wildly as herself on the unhappy Madeline.

"Lost!" he exclaimed. Then, modulating his voice, and drawing near her, he added, "You rave, Madeline. This accident," pointing to her arm, "has bewildered, unnerved you, and you fancy what is impossible to have happened."

She covered her face with her hands, sobbing, "Oh! it is true, it is true; I have had a precious trust and have abused it!—no, no, not abused it! I was ill; I stepped from the diligence a moment to recover myself, when I became insensible, fell and broke my arm. Meanwhile the diligence with Birdie in it proceeded without me. This I knew not till I recovered. What could I do but follow it? I did this, but without success, without hope, for none knew how she was taken from the carriage, not even the porters that attended it."

"But there were other passengers," returned Batiste, after a pause, in which he had endeavored, and not unsuccessfully, to gain a glimmering of comfort. "Surely they can be discovered, and in the trunk there might have been a clue to induce them to guard her; her name or residence may have been there, and D'Almaigne is a name well known to every Frenchman. Take comfort, Madeline; we know not but even now this child, the child of all our affections, may be safe with her parents."

Madeline's heavy eyes brightened a moment; a tint of color passed over her pale face. "If I could but think so," she uttered, nervously. "If I could but believe that she was not hurt, I would try to find consolation in the thought; but I have such dire apprehensions that none but the darkest fears assail me."

"You have not slept for some nights. Go to bed now, and do your best to compose yourself," said her husband. "You require advice and medicine. I will ride over to our friend Dumont, take his opinion on this unfortunate affair, and send him to you. In the meantime, should I not return to-night, consider I have gone forward to Paris. All seems mysterious, but with God's help I will fathom it. Ah, Madeline, why did you not come home at once? It would have saved the delay of a week, and the passengers in the diligence might have been easily found. They may now be many hundred miles off—all undoubtedly in different directions."

Madeline could but weep and bewail her want of foresight. Her husband embraced her, whispering, "Courage, my dear, pray for my success, and be well on my return to receive me. Adieu."

Madeline followed him to the door. She heard him give orders to the servant to follow with his horse to the village. The moon shone bright, and raising herself on the trellis-work of the verandah, she watched him with a beating heart till the orb, obscured by a dark cloud, shaded her husband, the fields, and nearly the trees from her view. She still hung to the trellis-work till the moon again shed her pale light on the landscape—Batiste was gone. With trembling limbs she dropped from her resting-place and entered the house. She looked round the room, it seemed desolate and deserted.

"And I have made it thus!" she cried, in a faint, hollow voice. "I have made the home once so happy hateful to me! And Lucille, what will her home be when she knows she is childless? Oh, mercy me, that is a scene I cannot look upon. The bare idea freezes up the best attributes of life. Hope and energy are extinguished by it."

Exhausted by her illness and her emotion, her head sank listlessly on her folded hands, till aroused by a servant, who, by soothing and persuasions, got her to her apartment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE sad anticipations of poor Jean Perre had been but too quickly verified. Within a year of his kind-hearted adoption of little Birdie, both he and the little Blanche were at rest from the struggles and sorrows of this world; and little Birdie, the cherished pet—the bright, carefully tended blossom—was left to the care of Rose Perre, whose natural indolence and incapacity were now heightened by the poverty in which her husband's death had plunged her. The clothes of the little foundling had long since disappeared, or become ragged and shabby; her scanty and coarse diet was beginning to affect her health and looks; and though her lovely features and beautiful hair could not but attract the attention of the most casual observer, no one could have recognized in the half-dressed, half-clad child the lovely, elegant little heiress of the proud Count d'Almaigne. She had sorrowed with far more bitterness and permanence than was natural to her age for her little playfellow Blanche; and her chief consolation appeared to be in visiting the lowly grave, on which many a flower bloomed, plucked by her little hands, and in roaming in the fields and roadsides, always accompanied by her faithful Jose, who never left his little mistress day or night.

She was sitting on the bank of a lonely lane one morning, amusing herself with ornamenting Jose with a garland of wild flowers, which unwonted gaiety he received with more polite submission than pleasure, when a footstep near her made her look up, and she saw a gentleman of very pleasing appearance, looking with a kind smile upon her occupation.

"So you are trying to make a May Queen of your pet, my little girl," he said. "I think you had better put the flowers in your own sunny curls. I am afraid pussy does not appreciate the honor."

She shook her pretty head decidedly, as she replied, "No, no, I give all the flowers either to Blanche or Jose."

"And who is Blanche?" he inquired.

"Blanche is dead," replied Birdie. "She lies in the churchyard yonder. She was Jose's mistress as well as me."

"And who is your mother?" he asked.

"Madame Perre," was the quick reply.

"Madame Perre!" ejaculated the young man. "Good heavens! is it possible? What is your name, my child?"

"Birdie," she replied.

"Birdie," he repeated. "Can it be—can this poor little child be the little beautiful creature that good man received only one short year ago? Merciful Providence! what would her parents feel could they see her. Is M. Perre living, my little girl?"

"No, he died before before Blanche," she replied.

"Will you take me to your mother?" he asked. "I was a friend of M. Perre's, I should like to see her."

Birdie willingly complied, and in a few minutes they were in the wretched habitation of the poor tailor's widow.

The young man quickly explained to her what the reader has doubtless already guessed, that he was the person who had sympathized so fully in Jean Perre's benevolent act, and aided him in it, to the best of his power, by his purse. He added, that though unable at that time to do more than give that small assistance to the worthy Perre's good deed, circumstances had since changed with him as well as Madame Perre, and he was now willing and able to take the burden of the little creature's maintenance off her hands.

"But you are yet young, monsieur," said Madame Perre, "and have, perhaps, no wife or mother who could take charge of the child."

"I have a sister who will be a mother to her," he replied, "and who will live with me. You are right, Madame Perre, to be particular on that head; but I assure you she could not be in better hands. My sister will bring her up to be in all respects in the way I believe her birth entitles her to."

Madame Perre still hesitated; but though her really kind heart clung to the child, the only thing left her to love, her judgment and her poverty at once counselled her to consent to an offer so advantageous for Birdie, and which would relieve herself from a deep source of anxiety.

"Well, monsieur," she said, "I cannot doubt your assurances; and as I am little able to give the poor child either comfort or education, I will consent to give her up to you, though I shall be sadly lonely without her." And Madame Perre, catching the little Birdie in her arms, covered her with tears and kisses.

"I will bring my sister to see you the day after to-morrow," said the young man kindly, "when we will take the child with us; and meanwhile, get her some clothes to take the journey in till we can get her fitted out."

He gave the good woman a couple of gold pieces as he spoke, and then took his leave, after a few more directions as to the collection of any articles which could lead to the identity of the little girl being discovered at some future time.

At the appointed day the stranger again appeared, and this time accompanied by a lady of singularly mild and pleasing aspect, who was at once won by the loveliness and grace of the little Birdie, who now, dressed in a neat though plain dress, looked more like her old self than when her kind protector last saw her.

"Here," said Madame Perre, when the first salutations were over, "is the dress in which Birdie came to us when she was lost, the ring which hung round her neck, and a picture she always said was her mamma. It is the only clue we have ever had to help in discovering her parents. I have packed them up in this parcel, and now give it into your keeping, monsieur. You will not betray your trust."

"Rely on me," returned the young man, "and I have still confidence that some day the truth will come to light. But what is in that basket?"

"It is the cat," said Madame Perre, "I could not pacify Birdie till I assured her he should go with her."

The lady smiled good naturedly, and though by no means anxious for this addition to their travelling party, she consented to the arrangement, in compassion to the fearful looks of the little girl, who was thus about to be torn from all she had known or loved since losing her natural protectors; and Birdie nestled up to her side and put her little hand in hers, in loving gratitude for her goodness. And now the moment of parting came. The carriage which had brought the brother and sister to the cottage, had received both the basket containing Jose and the small packet, which was Birdie's sole luggage, and the travellers rose to depart. Birdie clung to Madame Perre in an agony of childish grief, and the good woman herself was little less moved.

"You will be kind to her madame," she said. "She is a loving little creature, and needs little severity, though I have been cross to her at times. Heaven forgive me!"

"She shall be to me as my own child," said the lady. "So God prosper me."

"Amen!" added her brother. "From this hour I consider myself her father. Till her real parent shall be discovered, I will provide for her as such."

Madame Perre smiled through her tears at these assurances; then gently disengaging the clinging arms of the little girl, she placed her in the carriage. The elder travellers entered it, and it quickly drove off.

Rose Perre watched the carriage till it was out of sight, and then re-entered her cottage. It had never looked so dreary before.

(To be continued.)

## ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LIII.

WHEN Lady Maud and Lady Kingswood turned at the sound of Philip Avon's voice and beheld him standing in the doorway, they both shuddered, not so much at his unexpected as at his actual appearance.

He stood, drawn up to his full height, sternly regarding both. His form was gaunt and spare, looking as it was, fearfully wasted; his face was thin, his cheekbones stood out, and were unpleasantly prominent.

"Ladies," he exclaimed, "you will extend your pardon to me if I have made a too liberal use of the free licence which, perhaps, unenviably distinguishes our country manners. I most honestly confess at the same time, however, that the freedom many complain of in my wild, intractable disposition, and I constantly avail myself of it from choice, and not from ignorance of what is due to good breeding. To be sure, I ought to have met patiently below and awaited your coming; I could have looked out of the window into the park, or gazed admiringly at the ornamental grounds, criticised the engravings upon the wall of the apartment, hummed a tune, if nature had deigned to have given me a musical ear to distinguish between a country jig and the National Anthem, or have beat a tattoo with my heels, as a tenant does in the steward's office when he wants his rent lowered. I could, probably, have done all this had I not been a love-sick swain; but then I have come a wooing, and in my wooing patience is not my mood; hence, as Lady Maud came not in search of me, I appear thus abruptly in search of Lady Maud. Lady Kingswood, I have, I hope, your pardon for this seemingly rude intrusion, but which, I hope, my frank explanation will have proved to have been a very natural one."

He entered the room as he spoke, and tendered his hand to Lady Maud, who, however, stood like a statue, motionless, without heeding it.

Lady Kingswood, extremely proud and exacting in all the observances which etiquette demands, reddened slightly, and gave him but a cold inclination of the head.

"Now, Mr. Philip Avon, after tendering you the usual greetings," commenced Lady Kingswood, with an assumption of self-possession which she might hardly have been expected to have exhibited, "will you favor us with the object of your visit?"

"Lady Maud is the object of my visit, unquestionably," he said. Lady Kingswood felt Lady Maud shudder. Philip's mode of speech was offensive even to Lady Kingswood.

"I knew, as a boy, that I liked young Lady Maud better than any other maiden I had seen, and I thought it was because she was prettier, more graceful, and somehow, pleasanter than any of them. When I had sprung into manhood and found that she had leaped from a mere girl into maidenhood, my heart, Lady Kingswood, my heart, which, till then, beat only for myself, told me the nature of the preference I entertained for her. I loved her not with a holiday liking—not a mild, milky longing at a distance, but a fierce, burning, impetuous, ungovernable—why should it be governable?—frenzied passion, but no less love, that love which places her peerless above all women that ever lived, and will keep her unalterably there the highest, the brightest, the proudest."

"Never to change?" murmured Lady Kingswood, with a face of ghastly paleness.

"Never to change?" repeated Philip Avon. "Why not ask me to change from what I am to the merman who procures in a ballet? As mine, my wife, Lady Avon, she will be a part of my own heart, my own life, of my own honor,



THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA. HENRY HOGAN, ESQ., PROPRIETOR.—SEE PAGE 118.

a creature apart from the rest of the world. Change! Trample down my name in the ashes of my pride, lash me through my own lands by the hand of my own groom, compel me to bend the knee to him who strikes me, to bow down humbly before him who basely wrongs me, then ask me to change; I may then, but not before, Lady Kingswood."

Lady Kingswood rose up and paced the room in a perturbed manner. There was a spasmodic sob in her throat, but her head and form was proudly erect, and she paced the apartment with the carriage of an empress.

Philip watched her beneath his brows. "I have struck the right trail," he thought, "to this proud woman's heart. Lord Kingswood has played her false for a thousand! I'll make her my friend at least."

He waited until she approached him again, and then arresting her steps, he said:

"Are you, Lady Kingswood, wonder-stricken that where I have set heart, honor, life, soul, all upon one stake, that I should be jealous, suspicious, mistrustful; that I should watch the ideal of my love, though in clay, with burning, feverish eyes; that I should deem mine enemy him who would rob me of a glance which should belong only to me; that should lay snares to entrap smiles which are mine alone; that should spread nets for bonied words sung with the sweetest music with which human voice ever charmed mortal ear; that I should, moreover, regard him as my most deadly foe who would attempt to seize the prize which I claim to be mine—and mine alone upon earth—by every mortal right?"

"Save one!" exclaimed a low, clear voice.

Both Lady Kingswood and Philip Avon started as the tones reached their ears. Lady Maud it was that spoke. She had risen suddenly and turned towards him.

She stood firm, her arms hanging loosely by her side, and she herself, it seemed, calm and impassive, notwithstanding the painful emotions which were seething within her young bosom—all too young to be the receptacle of so much grief, a grief that must be hidden from all eyes except those of the to whom all things are revealed, and to whom in her bitter agony she had prayed.

"What right is it that is reserved, dear Maud?" inquired Lady Kingswood, putting the question Philip shrank from suggesting.

Lady Maud raised her eyes to Lady Kingswood, and pointed to Philip Avon.

"Mr. Avon has been speaking to you of me, Lady Kingswood," she said.

"Rather of himself, Maud," observed Lady Kingswood, a little hastily.

"But I am to understand, Mr. Avon, that when he is speaking of the one stake upon whom he asserts that he has set his heart and honor, I am the being alluded to," she rejoined.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. S. NEGLEY, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVANS &amp; PRINCE, YORK, PA.—SEE PAGE 118.

"You are!" cried Philip, impulsively; "and my life for your hand!"

"I am the prize, therefore, what he declares, by every mortal right to be his, and I interpose one which—perhaps the only one left him to seek, but yet is the one which belongs to me—is insuperable—my consent!"

Philip's lips trembled, his eyes flashed fire, and his eyebrows fell over his eyes so as almost to exclude them from sight.

"I have already explained away your fancies—a mere girl's fancies—upon that point," he exclaimed, in low voice, as though he dared not trust himself to raise it.

"They are not to be explained away by reasons which touch not my convictions," answered Lady Maud, coldly and firmly.

Lady Kingswood laid her hand gently upon her arm.

"My darling Maud," she said, in a tone of surprise.

Certainly she regarded Maud with wonder. That Maud should assert such a right to think for herself, even in the choice of one to whom for life she must link her happiness, filled her with astonishment.

Lady Maud turned from her. Yet more surprised, she wound her arm about her waist.

"My beloved child," she continued, in an urgent voice, "obedience is your first duty; remember that Lord Kingswood—"

Maud disengaged herself sharply and suddenly.

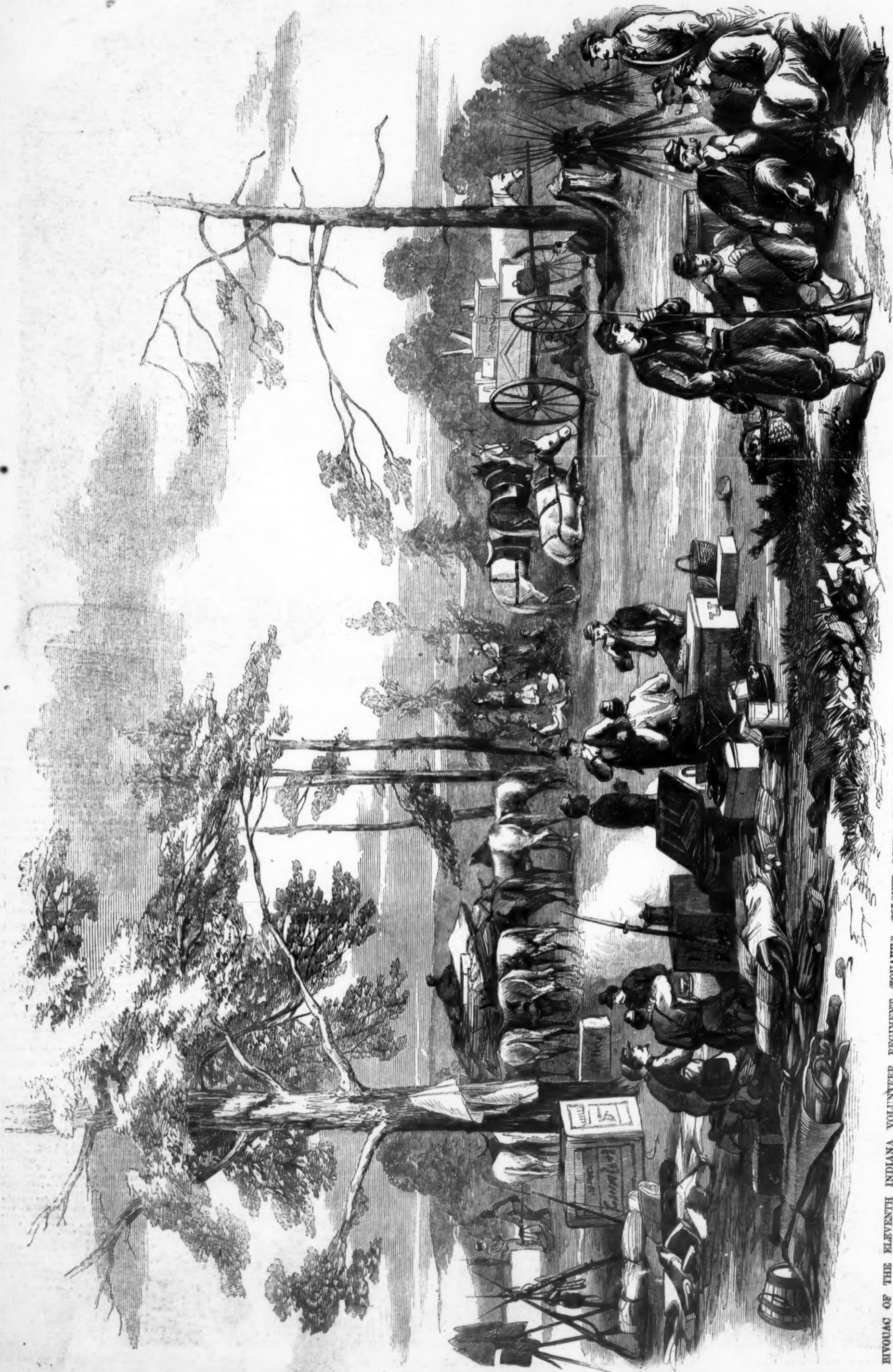
"I remember, too," she said, drawing herself up erect, "that I am a Kingswood. That I bear the name of her of our race who knew how to ally death with outrage."

Lady Kingswood fell back in fear. Before her, the very counterpart of the figure in the old library, which but once in her life she had seen, stood Lady Maud. Pale, with knitted brows and compressed lips, she faced Lady Kingswood, the very incarnation of high determination, which death might level, but persuasion against the promptings of her own heart never.

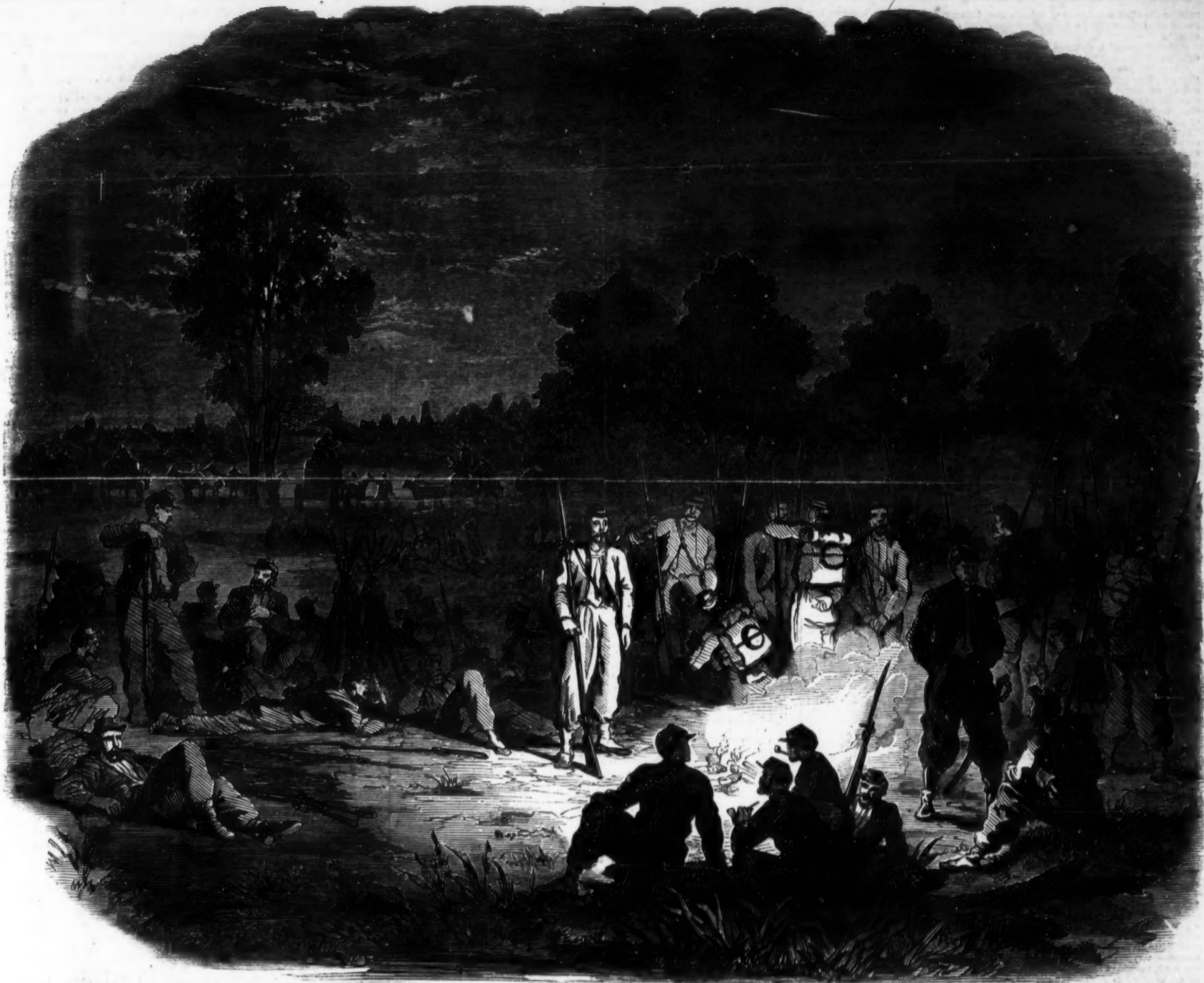
It seemed but the other day that she was an artless, timid, shrinking girl—a child full of play. As Lady Kingswood gazed upon her now she could scarcely credit her eyes, she looked so tall, so proud, so majestic.

It was in the unpleasing pause which followed this extraordinary assertion of right by one usually so shrinkingly timid that Philip Avon interposed. Although Lady Kingswood could find no words to respond to Lady Maud's startling remark, so like the expression of inspiration, yet he addressed her as though she was about, in somewhat harsh terms, to correct Lady Maud for what she had uttered.

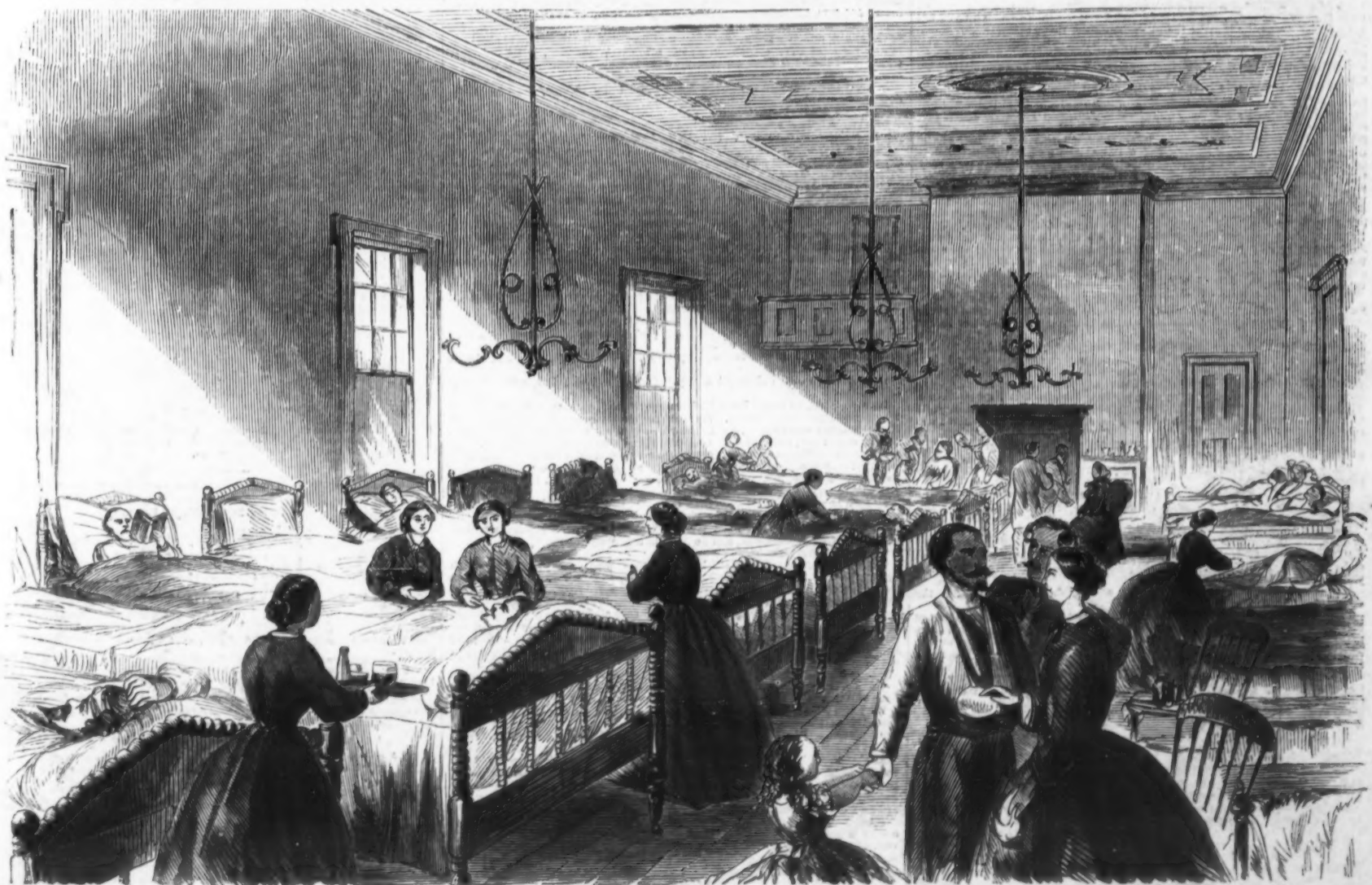
"Let me speak, Lady Kingswood," he said, hastily. "Leave Lady Maud to me, I will woo her and win her in my own fashion. Although her eyes are blinded to my qualifications, and her heart has not yet opened its portals to



BIVOUAC OF THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEER REGIMENT (ZOUAVES), COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE COMMANDING, AT CUMBERLAND, MD.—SKETCHED BY OUR FETAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL G. B. MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND. SEE PAGE 118.



THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEER REGIMENT (ZOUAVES), COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE COMMANDING, UNDER ARMS, AT NIGHT, AWAITING THE ENEMY, AT CUMBERLAND, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118.



THE UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL AT GEORGETOWN, D. C., FORMERLY THE UNION HOTEL—VOLUNTEER NURSES ATTENDING THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 119.

receive the smallest tribute of my affection, I do not despair of yet bringing her round to wish to be Lady Avon, and when Lady Avon, to desire to be no one else."

"Though one of a doomed race," muttered Lady Maud, speaking as if to herself, "I am not fated to such a doom as that."

"It is but prophecy for prophecy after all," Lady Maud, responded Philip, sharply, "and your remark brings me to one of the objects of my visit." Regarding her earnestly, he continued, "I know the Kingswoods to be a doomed race. In making you mine I willingly accept my share of the fatal destiny—may I defy it. You shall yet see how. It is said that the 'Bad Baron of Kingswood' haunts the Chase; that at times his form appears within it. There is a score of doggerel rhymes in the mouths of the peasantry attaching certain events to his appearance under particular circumstances. For years this phantom noble has been seen in the forest save by a half-witted ruffian who himself haunts the Chase, and lives so one knows how, no one knows where. He has made strange and rambling statements, to the effect that at times, in the dead night hour, when honest folk slumber, and poachers are active, when the moon's beams throw the shadows of the trees to the westward, he has seen a misty form flitting through and about the alleys and groves in the Chase. Probably the fellow, ignorant and superstitious, has mistaken his own shadow for the impalpable figure of a phantom. Be that as it may, he certainly has tradition on his side; for tradition, so I believe, Lady Kingswood, asserts that the 'Spectre of the Race' appears in the precincts of Kingswood Hall when some heavy calamity is hovering, ready to fall, over the house of Kingswood. Now, it is roundly asserted by many whose duties take them into the preserves and plantations in the night time to watch and protect the deer, that this phantom of the doom-dealing Baron of Kingswood, dead three hundred years or more, appeared within the broad glade, and in the obscurity of the narrow aisles of Kingswood Chase, in November last."

A half-moored shriek burst from the lips of Lady Kingswood.

"November last," she repeated, hurriedly; "November, are you sure?"

"As sure, Lady Kingswood," responded Philip Avon, with a vindictive grating of the teeth, "as sure as I am that your ladyship made at that very period an honored guest of one who was said to be singularly like this said ghostly noble—one who betrayed a very sanguinary fancy to take my life."

"And who saved mine at the imminent peril of his own," eagerly and emphatically appended Lady Maud, ere he could add another word.

There was no trace of this weakness now—there was a steadfast, inflexible rigidity in her frozen men, and withal a defiant aspect, which disturbed him. He, however, quickly reassured himself for his natural recklessness and mercurialness prompted the suggestion that he would make her his at any and at all hazards.

With a malignant curl upon his lip, he said:

"Beloved Lady Maud, you have rather surfeited me with those sentiments. I am content to understand that you remember the event to which you allude, and I will not trouble you with its really painful repetition. If you so far extend your gracious condescension to me as to refrain from interrupting me, I will proceed with the subject of my discourse from the moment that you favored me with one of your 'pleasures of memory.'"

Lady Maud turned coldly from him, but Lady Kingswood urged him to proceed, and soon Lady Maud, little as she would a moment previously have credited it, but she had herself become interested.

"I said," proceeded Philip Avon, "that in November last the phantom baron appeared simultaneously with the mysterious protégé of Lord Kingswood, and what, perhaps, is—or, by the way, may not be—remarkable, is that the protégé and phantom disappeared simultaneously. We know why the protégé fled like a criminal—stay, Lady Maud, remember I said 'like,' and be good enough to hear further before you speak."

"From that hour this phantom has not been seen in the wood until last night!" he exclaimed with sudden and marked emphasis.

"Last night?" echoed Lady Kingswood, with a startled and affrighted look.

"Last night," repeated Philip Avon; "not an unfulfilling night for a phantom baron to rove about in."

"It was a awful night," remarked Lady Kingswood, in a nervous undertone. "The wildest tempest prevailed, especially in the ancient portion of the Hall. The domestics assert that they were rudely awakened from their sleep by shrieks and groans, the clanging of weapons, and a turmoil which terrified them beyond description. Even I myself was aroused and terrified by—"

Lady Maud turned suddenly, and faced her with an appealing look, which Lady Kingswood saw and instantly understood, and she added,

"What I heard."

Philip had detected the look which passed between Lady Maud and Lady Kingswood. His jealous nature took fire instantly.

"Pray, what did you see, Lady Kingswood?" he interrogated, in a palpably suspicious tone.

"Nothing which ought to have terrified me, Mr. Avon," she rejoined, quickly, "while I heard the roar of the wind, as it forced its way through the forest trees, which I confess did alarm me."

With an unsatisfied air he bowed, and continued:

"The assertions of your domestics, singular as they may appear to those who, like myself, are unaffected by superstitious terrors, are confirmed in a strange manner by the statements which I have been made to me this morning. I have told you that the phantom reappeared last night in the forest. It frightened the fellow who saw it out of his wits, for he fled, leaving behind him some weapons and other articles, which, strange to say, the phantom secured—a fact which was ascertained by the frightened hind who lost them. Some time afterwards he returned for them under an impression that the spectre, satisfied with having secured him, would depart peacefully. His weapons were gone—the unorthodox shape had possessed itself of very earthly things. Subsequently the hind, mystified at this occurrence, provided about the Chase in search of the ghost, in order to demand back his property, but he did not succeed, for the spectral thief declined to appear and render up what he had so dishonestly obtained. As the night wore on the hind neared the Hall, and was further alarmed by perceiving lights moving in the library—the ancient library, I mean, Lady Maud. I have heard that you are fond of old lore; you, possibly, frequent that ancient receptacle for monkish legends. That light remained there the live-long night, and was only paled out by the dawn. Can you tell me whether it was the spirit of the doomed reading saxon chronicles, or was it you, Lady Maud—high-couraged as I know you to be—who preferred the still night for your hours of study, and only quitted the library when the sun was high and all the world was astir, bustling and hoarse, disturbing and destroying quiet thought?"

Lady Maud, although she strove to appear calm, was perceptibly agitated. She raised her eyes to those of Lady Kingswood, and found them fastened upon her with a searching look of inquiry. Maud dropped her eyes again, and remained silent and motionless. Lady Kingswood remembered that Maud in her sleep wanderings had returned to her chamber from the direction of the library. She remembered that she had met her but a short time previously issuing from that very chamber with a radiant smile upon her face, and a rosy tint upon her cheek. What did it mean? Could her visit have any connection with the strange story Philip had been relating to them?

Lady Kingswood led a strange misgiving that it might. She turned an averted white as the thought flashed through her mind. She resolved to question and closely upon this point, and to search narrowly into it. But not now. When Maud was alone with her she believed would be the time to probe her heart. Judging her by her own nature, she felt that she would not answer one question which might be put to her upon this most strange and, to her, alarming subject; and therefore, in the quietude of her own chamber, she believed she might unravel all.

Lady Maud bent a sidelong glance on Lady Kingswood's face, and read what was passing in her mind. Her bosom heaved and fell, the breath came heavily through her inflated nostrils, and her eyelids fell trembling over her humid eyes.

Philip, finding that Lady Maud returned him no reply, continued,

"I am not superstitious, I have no weak fancies or foolish terrors; I place my own interior reason upon what has occurred, and I will put myself in the position of giving a true reading of the whole mystery. I have already made some arrangements, and I shall at once perfect them, so that I may obtain a meeting with the phantom, whether it be in the Chase or in the old library. I will know his motive for reappearing, Lady Maud, and he shall know how I will accept and treat it."

Lady Kingswood uttered a shriek, for Lady Maud fell upon the ground with a crash as if she had been made of stone, rigid and lifeless.

Philip rushed forward and raised her, but Lady Kingswood absolutely snatched her from his arms.

"No, no! Not you! Go, go, go, Mr. Avon; I will recover her. Leave me, I will restore her; but it must be alone. Go, sir, I entreat—I command you!"

Lady Kingswood spoke with such stern imperativeness that he was impelled to obey, but he muttered as he quitted the room,

"It is as I suspected. I will meet the ghost in the wood this time. My hand and eye shall not fail me. I will lay the ghost, and then, Lady Maud, I'll bring you to my feet."

He passed hastily out of Kingswood Hall, and strode across the park in the direction of the Chase.

Pharisee, firmly grasped in the arms of the skeleton, fell into convulsions of horror. It has been before stated that he was superstitious; he had a morbidly nervous fear of shortly after death, whether it was the human clay in calm repose or after life had departed, or whether it was in the form of a grisly skeleton or the indistinct shape of a spectre.

The cold, bony grip, and the scent of the skeleton, were in too positive contact with him to admit of calm reasoning, and he therefore continued his shrieks and his struggles, until by accident his elbow touched the hitherto unfound knob, a pressure upon which would open the door of the cell, and open it accordingly came.

One fierce wrench, and he was out of the grasp of the skeleton, upon the floor, while the skeleton itself leaned half out of the cupboard,

"Grimacing horribly a ghastly smile."

as though the recent passage and present result afforded the hideous object the most intense gratification.

He rushed to the windows—they were barred; he made for the door—but he remembered old Pengreep's words as he closed it behind him when he departed, and he recollected also the unpleasant click of the lock as the bolt shot into its receptacle.

He hammered with both hands on the door, but no sound but the reverberations of his own faint metallic ear, and he threw up his hands and stamped about the apartment in wild despair.

Where was Albertina? she knew of his incarceration. She had a master-key—why did she not liberate him?

He did not doubt her truth to him; in fact, with a kind of faintness, he recalled her anxiety to become his bride. Why, then, did she not come to his rescue?

He called to her in dulcet strains, but she answered not, and then he yelled to her at the very pitch of his voice with stentorian strength, but with no better effect.

At the very moment he was trying to devise some desperate remedy for his desperate position, his eye caught sight of a rope dangling down the chimney and resting on the stove.

He rushed to it and seized it; it was held from above. He turned his eyes over his face strongly and not unpleasantly, except that it forced the particles of soot up his nose and compelled him to sneeze violently and continuously.

Below, there!

"My angel," he responded, sending his voice upwards, "I am here—what am I to do to get out?"

"Climb up the chimney; the rope is tied fast up here," was the answer.

At such a moment as this, and in such a condition as that in which he was placed, what need was there of parley? He introduced himself into the chimney, seized the rope, set to work to raise himself by hands and knees, and persevered continuously until he emerged at the top, begrimed with soot so completely that not a feature of his face was visible.

It must be acknowledged that Albertina, as soon as his head and shoulders appeared, with a spasmodic cry of joy, seized him and dragged him out.

He shook himself, and a cloud of soot arose. He gazed around him; he could see half over London. He was upon a flat roof, and the fresh air blew over his face strongly and not unpleasantly, except that it forced the particles of soot up his nose and compelled him to sneeze violently and continuously.

As soon as he could speak, he said, huskily,

"Let us fly!"

"Don't be afraid, ducky," replied Albertina. "We are pretty safe from the hyena here. These are our leads, where I hang my little wash to dry, though, what with the smoke and what with the blacks, they look as yaller and smeary when they are dry as if they hadn't been washed at all."

"But I want to get away from this cursed place," cried Pharisee, with a running fire of satees.

"Do I, chucky?" she answered; "but business is business, that is what Pengreep says, and these are my sentiments. Where's the packet of the Kingswood papers?"

Aye, to be sure, where was that packet? It had gone from Pharisee's gaze, and he had not the remotest notion of what had become of it.

He ran his hands over his pockets and his body.

"I haven't got it," he said, with a mystified expression on his face—that is, upon as much of it as was sufficiently clear of soot to betray any expression.

"That's a lie, my dearest darling!" she responded, with great rapidity and ferocity. "You snatched it out of my hands just as we heard Pengreep and Mr. Vernon at the door. Where is it? Come, you beauty, no tricks, or I'll chuck you into the street, and say you fell off the roof!"

"But I haven't got it, my precious—dropped somewhere in the room below when I hid myself," he replied, with a shudder.

"Then you must go back for it, you precious, sweet idiot, you," she responded.

"I will help you up again, and take it from you when you get to the top, love."

"No, I'll be dashed if I do!" he cried, with vehemence. "I was locked up with that awful skeleton; that's where the packet is. I recollect now, that when the frightful object caught me round the waist and cuddled me, I dropped it."

"Why, you fool, the object's only bones, it won't hurt you," she retorted, and added, "there, there, little pet cherub, run back with you, it won't take you a minute."

"Haven't you got a key to the door?" he asked.

"I have, but the tiger has got a secret lock which he only uses occasionally," she answered. "He has used it to-day, and I have no key to touch it. Come, tumble down the chimney. There's a ducky!"

"And I don't do it for two hundred packets of Kingswood papers," cried Pharisee, doubtfully. "I would rather fling myself, as you suggest, into the street, and there would then be an end of my woes, myself, and your affianced husband, altogether."

"Then you won't go, pet lamb?" she said, exhibiting her fangs to him.

"I will decidedly be dashed first, and then I won't, my sweetest angel!" he replied.

"You are afraid, you cowardly dove, you are," she suggested, viciously.

"I admit the weakness, my bride elect, no longer; and I positively do not go down that tunnel into the room, not even to win your fascinating self. Let me go away from this place," he said, making for the outlet to the stairs.

She stopped him.

"I will go myself, you cowardly enchanter!" she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"You, my cherub!" he cried, with amazement.

"Yes," she returned; "but you must help me, you spoiled lamb, to get up again."

"I will, my noble Albertina," he cried, eagerly.

Albertina might before have entered old Pengreep's room by this route, or she might not; but it was very certain that she went about the preliminary steps in a very business-like way.

She produced from her capacious pocket—a storeroom in miniature—a piece of stout black tape, and tied this round the bottom of her petticoats—she despised crinolines—attaching them rather tightly to her ankles. She sat on the chimney-stalk, swung her feet into the orifice, caught hold of the rope, and said to him,

"You must haul me up when I halloo—I can't climb well, cherub."

"Call out when you are ready, and I'll pull you up like a sailor does a bucket of water on board a steamboat," he replied, rubbing his begrimed hands with felicity.

He designed to possess himself of the Kingswood papers as soon as his bride elect emerged from the chimney on her return passage, and before she could get upon the leads and divest her feet from the thralldom of the tape, to dart down the stairs out of the house and away.

Albertina drew a long breath, and down she heroically dived. Pharisee looked down after her, and heard a crumbling, a fall of mortar and pieces of brick, which he knew to be Albertina coring the chimney as she descended.

Presently all was still, and he presumed that she was safely in the room. He felt so stifled and smothered so violently, that he found it impossible to continue to hold his head over the chimney; he, therefore, coughing, hawking, and trying other modes to clear his throat, awaited Albertina's summons with his mouth perked up heavenwards.

In a few minutes he heard hollow tones ascend the chimney, and he called down,

"Are you ready, love?"

To which a hollow voice responded,

"All right, hubby, darling. I've got it—haul away."

Pharisee threw out his chest, and laid on to the rope. There was an immense amount at stake on the successful accomplishment of his design. If he succeeded in securing the papers without "that" wife, a fortune was in store for him, and his bewildered mind could not fathom what beside. It might also have shown him a servitude in a foreign land, under the inspection of the military, and not distinguished for its honorable character.

He pulled at the rope with a will, but Albertina was a dead weight, and did not come up quite so easily as that bucket of water which he had spoken.

Still she came up slowly, it is true, but she ascended. He had to rest once or twice, but her voice, which was not improved by the murky atmosphere in which it was exercised, urged him to keep on and to look sharp.

He tugged away again, and at length her bonnet rose up, followed by her eyes, visage, shoulders, and the packet clasped with one hand to her breast, while with the other she held on to the line which raised her.

He saw the packet, his jaws wagged, he made a grab at it. But in doing this, he quitted his hold of the rope. The packet disappeared from his grasp, and Albertina disappeared with it.

A shriek rose up, it was followed by an awful rumbling, and a cloud of soot ascended to the skies.

Pharisee sat down exhausted and petrified. He had failed, and possibly killed Albertina.

No such thing, he heard her calls from below, and once more he crawled to the opening, and peered down. He could see nothing, and he was almost instantly blinded and choked, but he heard sounds as of one indulging in passionate expletives, mingled with vociferations to him to haul away again.

In a frenzy of desperation he complied, and this time, when Albertina rose, she used both hands, and emerged, clinging to the chimney top, with an awful spectacle. Pharisee could not tell whether her back or front was to him, she was so enveloped in soot.

As soon as she was fairly out of the chimney, she released her legs nimbly, and shook herself. Pharisee was electrified by her appearance, and but for what had happened, could have laughed convulsively at her. He was surprised she did not scold him, and he said, in a deprecating voice,

"I am very sorry—"

"There, never mind, my chuck; she interrupted, hastily; "you couldn't help it, I know. I am not much hurt; the rope was tight round my waist, and too short to let me fall plump on to the fire-grate. Now, listen to me, we haven't an instant to lose. I will put you in Pengreep's room, and I will go in my own; you must wash and change your clothes; there are plenty of Pengreep's to wear. We can't go abroad the objects we are now, for if even not taken up by the police, we shall be easily tracked. Quick, quick, love; our happiness and our fortunes depend upon our getting away from this house in a few minutes."

"But the packet," he said, anxiously, for he could not see it.

"Alas!" she chuckled, gutturally, as her throat was lined with soot. "I have that in a place safe enough. Come along."

With that she seized hold of him and dragged him on to the staircase, and, descending a flight, bundled him into a bed-chamber.

"Look sharp; I don't know one minute from another now that Pengreep may not be back."

As that was a hint which made Pharisee's back open and shut, he dived into the chamber, divested himself of such part of his clothing as was necessary, performed a rapid ablution, attired himself, found a pair of spectacles with blinkers, put them on, and descended the stairs just as his Albertina was arising on her toilet.

Albertina had completely metamorphosed herself. She wore upon her head a very large bonnet of the fashion of a remote date, and over it was a thick veil. From her shoulders depended a large black cloak of extensive dimensions; what beneath she wore he could not see, but she appeared at least three times her usual circumference.

"I am ready," she said, with a cackle.

"Your luggage?" he softly suggested.

"I have none but what you see," she replied. "Money, money, money!" she gibbered; "that is in the bank, in stocks, in the funds. I have got the books with me."

"You are such a business-like scraph," he said.

"You naughty child," she responded, "if you don't go, old Pengreep will pop in and stop us."

In a moment Pharisee was on the doorstep, closely followed by Albertina, who slammed the door behind her.

"Follow me," she said, in a low tone, "I know the way to take."

Pharisee complied, and she hurried on, turning sharply on her left hand, and then threading with rapidity and knowledge a crowded, complicated, narrow locality.

Street after street she pursued for at least three quarters of an hour. At last she stopped in a wide open space, where there were many butchers' shops together, and where omnibuses, cabs, and light carts and heavy ones were travelling in various directions.

"There is an old-fashioned inn, where coaches start from, close here," she said, as she paused, speaking in a whisper. "If we stop at it the waiters will think we have come from the country, ducky, and Peng will never come there to look for us, you know, chick."

"No—o—o!" responded Pharisee, conscious that he was treading on the heels of doom, and at the same time not knowing what answer to make her.

"Another thing, you know, my soul," she continued, giving him a playful poke in the ribs of the same painful character as her previous pleasantry of that kind, "we can take a 'bus from Doctors' Commons in the morning, and then proceed with the licence to the nearest church to be married."

"Ye—e—e—e!" answered Pharisee, still thoughtful and hesitating.

"Come along, then, my pigeon!" she exclaimed, catching him by the arm, and conducting him towards the inn of which she had spoken.

She entered it, and, under her direction, Pharisee called for a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, which were allotted to them. They ordered a tea-supper, as people do who have come off a journey, and were attended by a couple of waiters, who set them down for a couple of sweeps, mother and son, out for a holiday.

The morning dawned gloomy and drizzly. Pharisee had not slept a wink all night. He was intensely anxious to possess the Kingswood papers, which were in Albertina's possession, but he saw plainly that to get them he must marry her. They had talked the matter over very gravely the evening previously, and he ascertained that she had secreted them in some place of safety; but that, if oaths were to be relied upon, they would be handed to him the moment the marriage ceremony was over. It seemed to him that he had now gone too far to recede, and that, when he had once got possession of the papers, he must give his bride, Albertina, the cut in the most effectual way he could momentarily devise.

The wedding breakfast was swallowed. They discharged their bill, and were set down by a hired conveyance at Doctors' Commons, having bought the ring on their way. The necessary formalities gone through, the licence was obtained, and a ticket-porter, who was active and knowing, conducted them to a neighboring church.

As they entered the porch, Albertina paused. She held a blue cotton handkerchief to her eyes, and, altered,

"I am about to fling myself upon you, my beloved, my adored chuck. I have lived single and blessed for some years; it is a great bazaar, a tremendous responsibility, a lottery and all that. I know what I have been, I don't know what I may become. You will, my treasure, be fond, be affectionate, be a kind, a true and faithful, loving husband till death do us part, won't you, cherub?"

"My beautiful, mine own," he responded; "no cursedly ridiculous, infernal doubts at this moment. You will give me the papers, you know?"

"When the dear little gold ring is on this naughty little finger of mine," she replied, "then, pet, they are your own."

He groaned, growled and followed her up to the altar, where the ceremony was fully and completely performed over them and a batch of other happy expectants.

Once more they stood in the porch of the church. Pharisee cast his eyes about to see if the coast was clear for a run.

"The papers, dear little girl; you know you have sworn to give them to me," he said, agitatedly.

"Shall we not wait until after our wedding-dinner, wicked little boy?" she said, playfully.

"Not a moment, if there is any value in an oath," he said, in a stern voice.

"My chicken does not doubt his pet wifey?" she said, putting her broad hand upon his shoulder.

"I cannot," he replied, coldly; "when I have got the papers—"

"Oh, dear! you men, you naughty men!" she said.

Turning her back to him, she stooped down, gave a tug at something underneath her gown, and produced the packet he so much coveted.

"There," she said, "you mistrustful Jupiter, there they are—they are yours."

"No, they are mine!" shouted a voice in their ears, as the packet, snatched out of Albertina's hand, disappeared.

They both looked up affrightedly, and beheld old Pengreep glowering down upon them like Mephistopheles.

He showed his teeth at Pharisee.

"Felon!" he cried, "shall I call a policeman?"

With a yell of despair, Pharisee turned and fled with the speed of a deer.

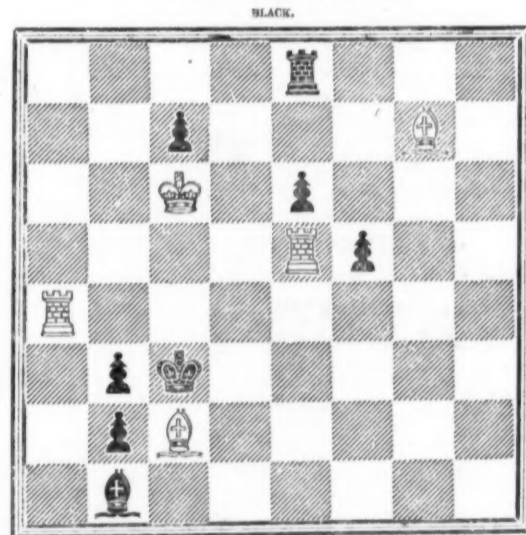
With a shriek, Albertina dashed after him, while old Pengreep, thrusting the packet beneath his coat, glided away like a phantom.

(To be continued.)

## OHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM NO. 298.—By CARL MOLLER, New York. White to play and checkmate in two moves.




The following is one of the Tournament games played between Messrs. CRUIKSHANK and COCKING, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move:

(REMOVE BLACK'S K'S B'S PAWN).

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. C's.	Mr. C's.	Mr. C's.	Mr. C's.
1 P to K4	Q Kt to B3	9 Kt to B3	P file Kt
2 Q Kt to B3 (a)	P to K4 (b)	10 Kt to Q Kt5	Castles (K R)
3 P to Q B4	K Kt to B3	11 P to Q Kt5	P to K2
4 K Kt to B3	P to Q B4	12 B to Q B4 (ch)	K to K eq
5 Castles	P to Q5	13 Q Kt to Q5	P to Q Kt4
6 Kt to K Kt5	Q B to K Kt5 (c)	14 Kt to K5	K to K eq
7 Kt to K Kt5	P to K K4	15 Kt to B3	Q to K Kt5 (d)
8 Kt to K K5	Q to Q5	16 Q to K K5 (e)	Q to K K5

White wins.

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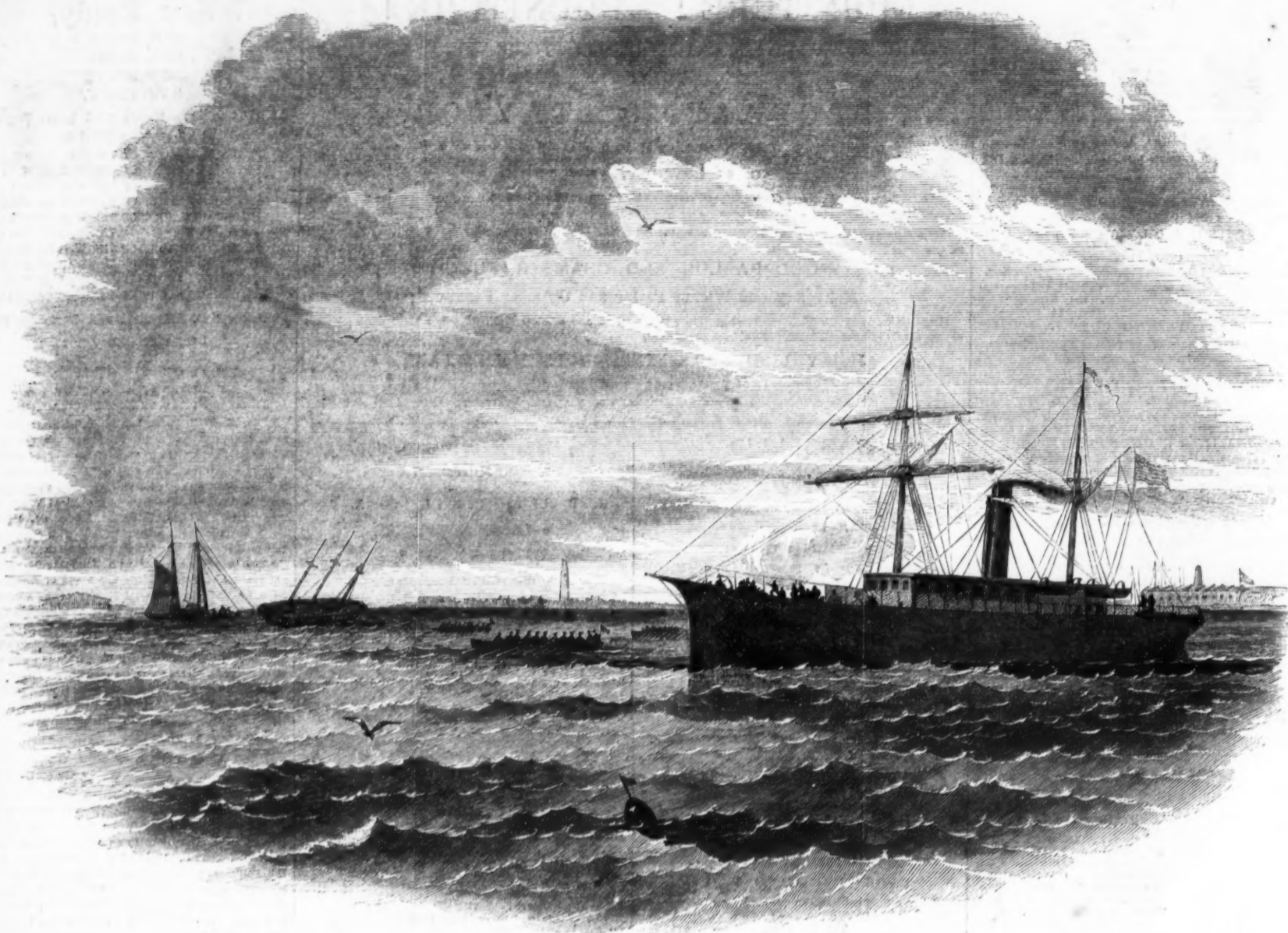
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